The Bystander, November 3, 1915.—No. 622. Vol. XLVIII

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

SOMEWHERE IN—SOMEWHERE!

GENERAL SIR BRYAN MAHON

In command of the British expeditionary force at present co-operating with the French in one or other of the Balkan States, at a point unspecified. An Irishman by birth, General Mahon is fifty-three years old, and has been a soldier for thirty-two years, having been gazetted to the 8th Hussars in 1883. He has seen service in many campaigns, including the Dongola expedition, when he gained the D.S.O., the Khartoum expedition, and the South African campaign, when he commanded the cavalry brigade, led the Mafeking relief column, and was made a C.B. Soon after the war broke out he was appointed to the command of the 10th (Irish) Division

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

Rubbish!

"*THE Serbian Army will be unable to withstand for any length of time the Austro-German attack.*"—LORD LANSDOWNE.

"*The public learnt this with the same deep sense of shame which thirty years ago it felt at the news of Gordon's death.*"—DAILY NEWSPAPER.

To which comment, we reply, forcibly, "Rubbish!" The public felt nothing of the kind, for the very simple reason that the public realises what the daily newspaper apparently does not, and that is that the defence of Serbia was the special province not of Great Britain and France, but of Russia. The share of the Western Allies in the emancipation of small nations is represented by the attempts to free Belgium. They have been fighting hard with that objective—unsuccessfully—for a twelvemonth, and have lost together in the process several millions of soldiers.

***

Russia's Job

The defence of Serbia against Austro-Germany was the particular province of Russia, who had it in her power, as the Western Powers had not, to take full steps to restrain Bulgaria from stabbing the little State in the back. If Russia, though the "father" of Bulgaria, has been so weakened militarily and diplomatically, that she has been unable to keep Bulgaria in order, and Serbia is now the victim of a treacherous attack, the responsibility is Russia's entirely, and we beg to refer the newspapers who are in search of "shame" to the quarter where it ought properly to be sought.

***

Not Our Province

However great our goodwill, we have undertaken no special responsibility to defend Serbia from the attacks of her three powerful neighbours. To secure her against Bulgaria she had a treaty with Rumania and Greece. If those two States have not honoured their signatures, that is unfortunate indeed for Serbia, and for international morality and honour. But it throws no shame of any sort or kind whatever on the people of Great Britain, who have done their best in their own particular province to help the various Allies to win the war.

***

There Are Limits

We are not, however, universal Quixotes. Between us and Serbia there is no line of communication save through Greece or Albania. No army of any size could have been sent to Serbia save with the consent of the Greeks or the Albanians, and if those peoples have not given their consent, no blame whatever can lie with us, unless it is supposed we could have dropped it in Serbia from aircraft.

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All Honour to Britain

We protest emphatically against this new attempt at shame-mongering. Frankly, the public has had enough of it. We consider the record of Great Britain in the war by sea and land entitles her not to shame, but to honour. She had no direct interest in the struggle, and had she chosen could have remained neutral. She drew the sword on general and very chivalrous principles, and has wielded it with considerable effect, within the limits imposed upon an island State. That Britain has not been able to play the rôle of universal saviour to small nations in general is regrettable, but the Fates have to be blamed for that. Our population is forty-five millions, and, at the outbreak of war, we were unarmed. If we have not been able to send vast armed masses of men to the remotest fastnesses of the Balkans, and there to meet in bloody battle the legions of the two Kaisers, the Bulgars, and the Turks, it is the fault of our limited size and strength.

(*Continued on page 174*)

"By way of protest against Greek perfidy it would be effective if the British nation prohibited the import of currants, even if that meant foregoing one's Christmas pudding" (*See p. 170*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 173)

Megalomania

When will British newspapers learn to cut the coat of British liability according to the cloth of capacity and circumstance? If I am not very much mistaken, it was on some such attitude as this that Sir Edward Carson left the Cabinet, and I, for one, shall rejoice when the moment comes for the clear-headed and courageous Ulster leader to come out into the open and deliver us from the megalomania which seems to obsess those who profess to be our guides and philosophers.

* * *

The "Road to India" Theory

I am perfectly aware of the claim of Serbia to be defended by Great Britain in view of the fact that she "bars the road to India and Egypt." But the precise point at which it is, or will be, necessary for Britain to repulse any future attacks on her eastern possessions is an affair for the strategists of Britain and India, and cannot, with all due respect, be dictated to us by others. We might, in passing, remind Serbia that she owes it to the Allies that the fate now threatening her did not take place within a fortnight of Austria's declaration of war.

* * *

The Defence of Egypt

As to the threat to Egypt, that country is a long, long way from the present position of the German armies. Between them lie Bulgaria, Constantinople, Asia Minor, Palestine, the Desert of Sinai, and the Suez Canal. It is a matter for our strategists to decide at which precise point to resist a Turco-German attack. The Suez Canal and the desert proved, last year, to be fairly substantial obstacles to an advance on Egypt, and one would hope and expect that, having been now given full warning, we should proceed to make the defences of Egypt impregnable. I see that the Sultan of Egypt himself has offered to raise three hundred thousand Egyptians to defend their own country, and that should at least neutralise any forces the Germans may be able to spare for this distant and difficult expedition. Experts also tell me, by the way, that the new flat-bottomed monitors we are using in the East would be able to get near enough to the Sinai shores to give the invaders a goodly taste of sea-power.

* * *

The Empire First!

If, however, we decide to defend Egypt by an advance in the direction of the invader, there is Palestine, in which, commanding the sea, we ought to be able to land substantial forces. There is Asia Minor, there is Smyrna. If the Dardanelles prove impregnable there is the Turco-Bulgarian coast, at which it seems probable we are now actually in process of landing troops. Doubtless such a landing would indirectly have the effect of drawing Bulgarian pressure off Serbia, and to that extent we are, in defending our own interests, helping our Ally. But British statesmen owe their duty first and foremost to the British Empire, and to squander on a purely sentimental adventure in Macedonia an army that would prove vital in the defence of our Indian and Egyptian

(Continued on page 176)

THE PREMIER'S TRIBUTE TO A MARTYRED HEROINE

Despite his illness and the cares of State, Mr. Asquith was able to be present at the memorial service to Miss Cavell at St. Paul's on Friday last. He was accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Asquith

Swapping Horses!

JOHN BULL: "I don't believe in 'swapping horses' in the middle of the stream, but I wish to goodness this composite nag of mine would make up his mind which particular streams he is crossing—and cross 'em!!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 174)

possessions would be to repeat the crime of the Dardanelles. I am not surprised to read that Lord Lansdowne, as a cautious statesman, hesitates to commit us to further disasters of that character.

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Stupider and Stupider!

As to the India scare, really it is even stupider than the Egyptian one. The defence of the Indian frontier has been the special study of the Anglo-Indian strategists of a whole century and there is no reason to suppose that the European war has diverted attention or forces from that responsibility. If we have counted ourselves able to defend India before the days of the Triple *Entente*, against the whole strength of the Russian armies, with railways running to the Afghan frontier, what reason is there to be afraid of a possible German advance, coming, as such an advance would, after a prolonged, bloody, and exhausting march through more or less hostile territory, at the end of a Titanic struggle with three European Powers? What would our splendid Indian Army have to fear in any attack Germany might be able to deliver on India even if she does establish herself in Asia Minor? Is it not actually making an advance itself, far into the enemy country, towards Bagdad?

KEEPING THE BALANCE

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Not Likely

Is there any special reason for believing that the Turks are mortgaged to fight Germany's battles indefinitely, or to allow Asia Minor to form a permanent base for Teuton military operations? I strongly doubt it, and for my part decline absolutely to regard the present development of affairs in any other light than as the regrettable, but logical and inevitable, consequence of the failures of the Russian General Staff.

***

The Perfidious Greek

It is to be hoped that what force we have in hand will inflict a decisive check on Bulgaria, and induce her to come to terms with the Allies, who have at least as much sympathy with her ambitions as they have with those of the perfidious Greeks. After Constantine's despicable treachery, were I Britain's Foreign Secretary I would offer Ferdinand what he wanted out of the Greek pocket. He, unlike "Tino," was never at any time pledged to fight one way or the other, and if he chose the German side, it was because he thought that the best way to redress his well-known grievances. We may resist him now, and shall do so, but it will not be to defend anything that is Greek. Unless Greece speedily changes her course, she may write herself for ever out of the books of the Western Allies, who have now no use for her, her subjects, or her products. As the chief among the latter are currants, by way of protest against Greek perfidy it would be effective if the British nation refused this year to eat Christmas pudding. Thus could they combine sound politics with sound digestion!

***

Why This Thusness?

What is the Wilhelmstrasse doing at its London press agency (Karmeliten-haus)? For many months past Baron zu Nordkliff has been booming German invincibility and British incapacity. Just as the public mind was beginning to absorb the moral—*i.e.*, that against such an enemy continued warfare is a wanton waste of life—the Baron comes out with a surprising article declaring that all thought of peace is *verboten*; that peace can only be signed on German soil, after the Britisch have won a decisive victory over militarismus. He talked, in fact, for the first time for a long while, just like an ordinary Britischer, reflecting just the ordinary Britisch sentiment. Possibly the Baron was away in Berlin, and his lackeys made a momentary lapse into native patriotism. By the time these lines appear doubtless the German London propaganda, with an early peace as its only logical conclusion, will have re-started at full blast.

***

The Appetite Grows

The campaign against Sir Eyre Crowe comes to the same ignominious conclusion as that against von Donop, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and other patriotic servants of the British Crown who have the misfortune to have been directly or indirectly, at some time or another, connected with Germany. Mr. Maxse writes to his own *National Review* to give Sir Eyre a free testimonial for patriotism. Have the whippersnappers by now not had enough experience of humiliation to lose the taste for it, or does appetite for dirt grow with the eating? To have married a German wife, to have had German measles, or to have known a man whose aunt once kept a dachshund, does not, oh most noble and Priceless Idiots of the Gutter Press, imply that a man is a traitor to the Government in whose employ he has spent his life. Treachery is a matter of temperament or circumstance, and the genuine traitor is to be looked for among those who are of blameless native blood and parentage, and are the most mouthy in their patriotic sentiments.

Getting On!

SLICK ADOPTION BY THE GOVERNMENT OF A "BYSTANDER" PROPOSITION

GUNS CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH FROM THE GERMANS ON VIEW AT THE HORSE GUARDS

In our issue of October 20 we gave some photographs of guns captured by the French from the Germans which are being exhibited in the Cour des Invalides in Paris, and commented on the evident reluctance of our Government to do likewise in London with the guns captured from the enemy by the British. With a celerity that is most commendable, the Government proceeded immediately to carry our suggestion into effect, and the guns are now visible to the naked eye of the wandering Londoner and his country cousins

The Military Viewpoint

CAMPAIGN NOTES AND COMMENTS. BY MAJOR G. W. REDWAY

WHETHER the "centre of gravity" of the war has shifted from France to the Balkans, as Lord Cromer believes, or whether it has not—as Colonel Repington assures us—public interest is certainly focussed just now on Serbia. Sentiment attaches us to the two small States that battle for existence with every man and boy in the ranks, while many of the women serve as carriers; politically the question of the Middle East is raised in an acute form; and then soldiers naturally are attracted by operations in which there is life and movement, and which promise tangible results. The attitude of Greece and Roumania piques curiosity, and we wonder at the abstention of Italy from a conflict almost as near to her as the trenches in Artois are to ourselves and in a country peculiarly suitable for her Alpine regiments. Then, of course, its effect on our Dardanelles expedition is of personal interest to the Anzacs and the English divisions who recently served under Sir Ian Hamilton.

* * * * *

Sir Bryan Mahon—the Colonel Mahon of Mafeking fame—is to command the British troops in Serbia. It seems only the other day that I saw his division, the Tenth, entraining at Basingstoke for a destination unknown—except to the few who realised the significance of a change of headgear at the last moment—after being reviewed by the King and again by Lord Kitchener; but a little story I had written of the proceedings came out (thanks to the Censor) with blanks for the names of all the officers, save only Lord Granard, who was serving as a battalion commander. The division, however, arrived at Suvla Bay in time for the August fighting, and the gallant Irish brigades duly figured in the casualty returns.

* * * * *

The *Times* military correspondent thinks that we still have to deal with 130 corps of Austro-Germans. This would imply that after a year of "attrition" the Central Powers are maintaining in the field at least five million men and nearly two million horses, besides caring for their wounded and being burdened with over two million prisoners. *Colossal* is the only word to describe the efforts they must make to keep things going, and unless their new allies are self-supporting the machine must break down if we no longer give aid and comfort to the enemy by permitting his use of the Scandinavian base.

* * * * *

I wonder who conceived the Baltic submarine campaign. The plan was so simple that only a genius would light upon it. Of course, we control the English Channel because the two shores are possessed by Allies jointly interested in closing the passage entirely, but the channel called the Sound, between Denmark and Sweden, must be kept open for six miles of its width because the owners of the opposite shores are neutrals, and thus our submarines can gain access to the Baltic in spite of mines and other obstructions in mid-channel. The consequences of this discovery are serious—to Germany; for the depredations of our underwater craft have already caused the rates of marine insurance in Sweden to be doubled, and as we can buy twenty-five submarines for the price of a single Dreadnought, there seems no reason why we should not at last succeed in making our blockade "effective" and so give satisfaction to our friends in the United States while cutting off the enemy's foreign supplies. A similar brain-wave in respect of the land operations might save us from another such a casualty list as Mr. Asquith presented last Friday.

* * * * *

Warned by the muddle about "Hill 70," the latest bulletin writer is painfully careful, and we are told that "the chord of the salient we have created in the enemy's line measured along our own front is 7,000 yards in length; the depth of the salient at the chalk pits is 3,200 yards." This area reduced to square yards may strike the casual reader as prodigious, but, as Lord Derby says: "Look at the map," and I recommend the use of a very large scale or you will be unable to discover much difference between the present position about Loos and Vermelles and that which the French Command defined last Christmas in these words: "Nous avons atteint, le 23 au soir, la bifurcation des chemins de Loos au Rutoire et de Loos à Vermelles." The term "salient," too, rings unpleasantly in military ears, and reminds one of the enemy's flanking positions at Lens on the one side and La Bassée on the other. This front of six or seven miles has proved a veritable slaughter-house since the French and Germans arrived there a twelvemonth ago when our 2nd Army tried to "turn" it from the north.

* * * * *

Will nobody in Parliament inquire why we have had no despatch from Sir John French since that which dealt with the operations of April and May? Why should five months' campaigning in France be still "wropped in myst'ry"? And Sir Ian Hamilton's story of the Suvla Bay fighting is somewhat overdue, though Mr. Ashmead Bartlett has just revealed the identity of the divisions engaged there, and in eulogising the 29th Division he says "at least three times the number of its original strength have passed through the ranks," a statement that points to a loss of some 30,000 in that division alone. Mr. Asquith's casualty list shows, even if we put the average loss at so high a rate as 25 per cent. of the combatants, that we have had about two million men in action; of these we have clean lost 175,829, of whom 5 per cent. were officers. The remainder (317,465) are in hospital unless these figures include the slightly wounded who returned to duty—an important thing to know. The Germans are more frugal in the use of officers in the firing line, to judge from the diary of a professor at Bonn University serving as an *Ersatz* private—an extraordinary document which should be circulated among our troops "for information."

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

LONDON, *November* 1, 1915

DEAR COUSIN—

WE'RE all more strung-up and excited and restless than ever this week, for there's a feeling that something's got to happen, and will happen very soon—something at home, I mean. Enough's happened outside, in all conscience, these last few weeks. I don't mean only Zeps, though there isn't a moon this week, and I suppose they can get high enough so as to circumvent the equinoctial gales which have blown all the leaves off all the trees and left winter in the Parks and squares.

* * *

Or Conscription, either, though that's coming, too, of course, in spite of Lord Derby's gallant efforts to save the face of Voluntarism. But not under the present Government—and that's where everybody feels it in their bones that there's a big change coming. Somehow, in one of those mysterious ways in which things come to a head, we all seem to be agreed that now at last we really have reached the limit.

* * *

A Government that'll really *do* something somewhere is, apparently, the popular idea. It would be a little variety, anyway. And it isn't so much any particular men they're calling for as a body of men that will, at any rate, know their own minds and each other's. Not the present sort of crowd of them, either. Twenty-two people (and politicians at that) all falling over one another is enough to wreck any show *I* should think. The bigger the committee the smaller the results, that's my experience.

* * *

You know the sort of thing they do. I've "sat" on millions since the war began—Red Cross ones and "Day" ones and ones for soldiers' families and ones for mufflers and mittens and Lord knows what. Seems quite fearfully difficult for them to concentrate, they're so apt to wander off into chat about side-issues and things, and nearly always end up by hurriedly appointing in the last few minutes a sub-committee on the real business in hand "to investigate and report."

"Someone's just written to say I oughtn't to have been christened 'Blanche,' it sounds so fluffy"

Of course, no one really knows what really happens at Cabinet meetings. I have no authority for saying that the first twenty minutes or so are taken up by, say, Mr. Lloyd George explaining to his bored fellow-Ministers just exactly how he made that drive at the fourth at Walton Heath or the marvellous way he laid his approach dead at the ninth.

* * *

Or that soon afterwards the P.M. may be heard detailing at length, with Mr. McKenna, at any rate, an obsequious listener, the relative merits of Bollinger and port as a pick-me-up in these times of stress, and—apropos of Zeps—what a rotten game of auction Sir Percy Scott plays.

* * *

Nor can I absolutely vouch for it that the deliberations may be interrupted again by an argument between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Churchill on the question whether the study of moral philosophy or water-colour painting would be the most elevating recreation for interned Huns. I say I can't vouch for it, but—well, how else *can* one account for the way the Cabinet *haven't* done things?

* * *

Talks, by the way, are rather the fashion just now. Every day, of course, there's one at least from the plinth in Trafalgar Square on why you ought to join the Army. And for that vast body of apparently unoccupied men and women who, let's hope, will be dispersed before long, it's quite one of the free shows of the day, like watching the gulls being fed on the Embankment or Italians putting down wood pavements.

* * *

And others more exclusive, which they call war lectures, are given almost every day, too, by journalists who've been somewhere near the Front, actors who haven't, or George Bernard Shaw, who, of course, doesn't need to. Dilettante duchesses lend dreams of drawing-rooms for dissertations on the Dardanelles and places. And pleasant Sunday afternoons may now be spent at His Majesty's Theatre

"Are they to hit the old thing if they can, or just to 'shoo' it away?"

(*Continued on page 180*)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*continued from page 179*)

sitting at the feet of great men and prophets like Mr. Garvin and Ben Tillett and "T. P."

* * *

Quite an understandable sort of relaxation in war-time, don't you think so, though there are plenty of course, who think that even the war ought to be kept in its place—which is as far away as possible from *them*. But they're not left entirely unprovided for, either. There've been quite a crowd of Private Views and concerts, the Houghton Meeting at Newmarket, Opera in English, and, as well as a new screaming farce with the weighty war-time title, "A Little Bit of Fluff," and actually yet another musical comedy. You really would have thought, wouldn't you, we could have managed just for a little to rub along with what we've got in that line?

* * *

Lots of charity shows, too—but these do do *some* good, of course, though the people who go to them are mostly the same pleasure-as-usual crowd, who pay their guineas, I sadly fear, as much for the privilege of seeing and being seen and showing off their new furs and velvets, and that sort of thing as to help the wounded or the babies or whatever the good cause may be. Still, their money does go to the funds, and not into the pockets of the amusement-mongers, and that's something.

* * *

Talking of fluff, someone's just written from the Front to say I oughtn't to have been christened Blanche, it sounds so fluffy or something. And, by the way, isn't it amusing the way men always think that just because you're youngish and passable and wear real frocks you can't possibly have brains, too? This one-of-the-swishy-swanky-but-not-blushing-baby subs, as he calls himself, says he often wonders if I'm a girl or one of those "bearded bewhiskered bespectacled old men who write delightful foolishness, while they themselves look out on the world with mournful, weary eyes."

* * *

I'm the last, of *course*, dear Eric. He also says that it's awfully dull out there in France just now. The skies are dull, the Hun is dull, everything is dull. Still, there are moments when life is worth living. "Have you ever imitated a grasshopper on a blade of grass? Really, you know, it's quite good fun.

* * *

"You crawl out close to the Hun lines with a bomb or two which you hope won't go off inadvertently. When you are quite close, up goes a starlight. You promptly remember all you know of amateur theatricals and act the blade of grass. On your way back you meet a Hun patrol, and imitate the grasshopper. But for these small incidents and your letters, O Blanche, life would be a dismal failure."

* * *

Dear thing. But I do wish they wouldn't take such risks, though I suppose we can't complain, considering it's for us they're taking them. Really, though, sometimes one hardly knows whether to be proud (as one usually is) or peevish (as you feel you ought to be) when one hears, as one does so often, of the rather over-courageousness of some of these school-boy officers. "Some boys," says one of the older ones who's seen 'em, "get sniped almost directly they get out."

* * *

Youthful contempt for unknown danger, he says, makes them callous and curious. "Up goes the baby face, partly in bravado, partly in anxiety ill-concealed. And a smart Hun sniper with telescopic sights can pink him far easier than a disappearing target at the ranges."

* * *

Apropos of sniping, the Turks, they tell me, can teach our men many a trick at the game. They live by stalking wild-fowl and red legs with their old bundooks and Regie powder that's mostly coal-dust. And with faces smeared, masks of turf, heads wreathed in arbutus or lupin or scrub, silent, and above all, motionless, they creep and stalk and pot both man and game, and their shots are always bull's-eyes.

* * *

Shooting reminds me there seems some difference of opinion as to what exactly we want those much-criticised (but very nicely dressed and *quite* nice-looking too) anti-aircraft men to do when they really do see a Zeppelin floating over them and us. I mean, are they to hit the old thing (if they can) or just to shoo it away, which some people think would be better, 'cos if one did come down with all its crew, not to speak of its store of bombs, my word, there'd be some smash up, wouldn't there?

* * *

All the same, I wish we *could*. It would "larn" them to be toads, for one thing, and they'd probably think twice then about paying us another visit for some little while when they found we could pick them off. And I don't suppose the fall of one Zeppelin would do as much damage as the various bombs it drops all over the place, *plus* the many more shots we send up which have to come down somewhere.

* * *

Talking of new clothes, seems the "people" aren't so appreciative of the short skirts of the moment as they are in Bond Street or Piccadilly. It was Poiret, I think, who used to say that no woman was well-dressed unless the ragamuffins called after her in the street. Anyway, two faded females of the proletariat positively transfixed me with a Medusa stare as I alighted from a modest 'bus the other day down Victoria way, and one of them remarked to the other in a stage whisper rather louder than a fret saw, and in much the same timbre, "Disgusting, *I* call it!"

* * *

What strange and drastic things do happen these war-times! Bishops have to go to bed early just the same as chorus girls, 'cos the Athenæum counts as a night club, and, of course, the maids they've got

"Disgusting, *I* call it!"

(*Continued on page 182*)

To Join Her Husband in Egypt

LADY ELCHO

A recent portrait of the second of the Duchess of Rutland's beautiful daughters. She is sailing for Egypt to see her husband, the Earl of Wemyss's heir, who is in the Gloucestershire Yeomanry. This is Lady Elcho's second visit to Egypt, as she was out there nursing, but had to return to England owing to an attack of scarlet fever

Photograph *Yevonde*

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded from page 180*)

there now instead of men simply yawn in the episcopal faces after ten. You *do* get sleepy, you know, when you start laying fires before seven.

* * *

And the King's sold a stamp. He's giving the proceeds to the Red Cross, and they say there'll be enough to keep it in motor ambulances, anyway, for I don't know how long.

* * *

Splendid idea, isn't it? Looks to me as if we're safe, financially, anyway, now, doesn't it? I mean, if we have a money crisis any time it'll be quite simple—the King will sell a pink Guatemalian or a green Fijian, or something (I'm not really *up* in stamps, you know), and we shall be all right till next time. And as I gather he's got about two millions of them I reckon it'll last us through the war.

* * *

You didn't know Blanche was also a financial expert, sort of second Lord Reading, did you? But I'm wondering if even *he* can kid the maids that the margarine's really—well, butter.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

What They Said—Last Year!

"*AS for the complications in Europe, they are equally improbable. Bulgaria is not likely to fly to arms for either Germany or Turkey.*"—Leading Article, WESTMINSTER GAZETTE, November 2, 1914.

"*We have to consider the mammoth airships of Germany as travelling gasometers, held together by a flimsy fabric which can scarcely resist puncture by the proverbial pea-shooter. A squib will set them alight and shrapnel will tear them to bits. Knowing this they dare not enter a formidable fire-zone or run the risk of attack by aeroplanes. . . .*

"*A crossing of the East Coast . . . is almost inconceivable on account of the distance and risk of being carried away by adverse winds. . . .*

"*There is always the chance that a few by sheer luck may reach our shores, if not London, under cover of darkness or fog.*"—Extract from an Article on Zeppelins, WESTMINSTER GAZETTE, November 2, 1914.

. . . . . .

"*We shall be surprised indeed if the Imams and the Sheikh-ul-Islam . . . will lend their prestige to a propaganda and a war directed by men utterly careless of the peace and security of Turkey. . . .*

"*The Young Turks will find it difficult to preach a Jehad since they have forgotten and despised the Koran. . . .*

"*In Turkey itself the Young Turks are despised; they are known to frequent only with usurers, publicans, and dancing-girls.*"—Leading Article, MORNING POST, November 3, 1914.

. . . . . .

"*This information points to the early collapse of the enemy's resistance on the East Prussian frontier and in Galicia, and confirms the expectation that the two main armies in Poland would become separated.*" —Military Correspondent, MORNING POST, November 5, 1914.

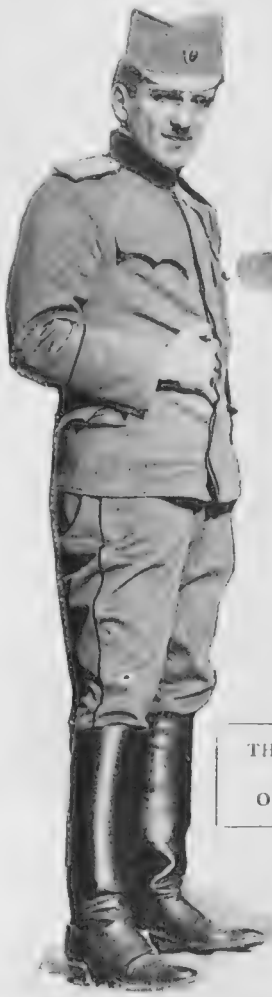
LADY: "What are you doing here?"
BILL SYKES: "I'm that afraid of them Zeppelins, Miss"

All of Them Doing Their Country's Work

THE CROWN PRINCE OF BELGIUM

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE



THE CROWN PRINCE OF SERBIA

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY

THE CROWN PRINCE OF BULGARIA

CROWN PRINCES IN THE FIELD

Whatever evil things are being said of Monarchy as an institution, it cannot be said that the sons of kings are shirking their duties. Every one of the heirs-apparent to the thrones of the European Powers is in the field and doing his best, even if, in the case of the heir to the Kaiser, the "best" is the worst

The Bystander in Holland

I.—THE STATE OF THE NEUTRAL MIND

Amsterdam.

BUSINESS—strict business—no not with the enemy!—takes me to Holland, and THE BYSTANDER suggests that impressions of life and thought in a neutral country might be interesting to its readers at the moment, to say nothing of the sensations of a British visitor. What does it feel like to be living in a country at peace? Shall I be *strafed* if I say it is rather nice?

—•••—

You see, the England that you leave when you cross the Channel isn't old England, but quite another kind of place. It's a dark, dismal, carping, censorious England, that regards those who stop at home as shirkers and those who go away as probable traitors. I underwent exactly six distinct cross-examinations and filled up heaven knows how many forms from the time of applying for a passport to the time of stepping aboard the packet-boat, and after the first five interviews I began to come to the definite conclusion that the reason I was going to Holland was to trade with the enemy, to sell naval and military secrets, and generally to stir up the deuce.

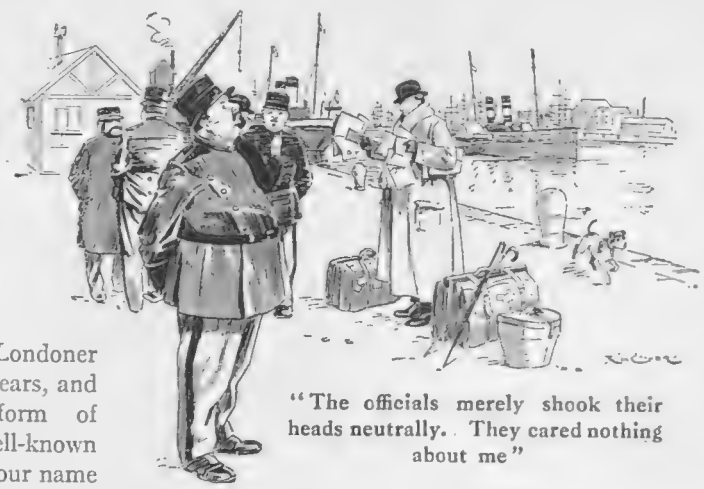
—•••—

When you've been a Londoner for some forty years, and have your precise form of criminality perfectly well-known to the authorities, and your name familiar to all readers of police reports, "Who's Who," *Truth* Cautionary List, and the Parliamentary Register, it is difficult to restrain the desire to do your bit in war-time, and prove that your capacity for evil-doing is not limited to crimes of peace.

—•••—

The first neutral sensation you have is in the saloon of the steamer, where, just before going to bed, a Dutch fellow-passenger with whom you have struck up an acquaintance pronounces in your ear the startling words, "Will you with me a drink to have?" While crossing the sea, your eyes are opened to the meaning of sea-power. Had anybody told you that in the sixteenth month of a war with Germany you would be able to sleep, take your meals, and generally enjoy yourself aboard a steamer crossing the North Sea, without the sound, sight, or rumour of an enemy ship, you wouldn't have believed it, would you? Yet there's the fact, gentle reader! The thing is to be done, and is being done daily, and if we at home do not appreciate what the British Fleet means, mark my words the Dutchmen do. One after another of my fellow-passengers made the same remark:

"See what we owe to der British Navy!"



"The officials merely shook their heads neutrally. They cared nothing about me"

And to think that this supreme factor, this decisive factor, of the world-war is the one factor that we, at home, in the murk of our pseudo-militarist pessimism, conspire to forget! We worry our souls day and night, we wear long and gloomy jowls about actions at Dvinsk and Finsk and Minsk, forgetting the one essential fact that the key to the door between Europe and the outer world is in British hands; so long as we hold it, it matters but little in the long run on which particular line the military forces face each other. Odd that a Briton should have to learn this, the A.B.C. of the situation, from the lips of a Dutchman!

—•••—

The next neutral sensation is on stepping ashore at Flushing. Though there are some six officials lined up on the quay, not one of them wants to look at my papers. I walked up, saluted a party of officials, and unloaded myself of my passport, letter of authorisation, registration card, bill of lading, a pack of visiting-cards, season ticket, the references of my last employers, insurance policies, etc., but the officials merely shook their heads neutrally. They cared nothing about me, or my age, the nationality of my wives, the number of my families, the length of my hair, the breadth of my nose, or the depth of the expression of my eyes. They just looked at me sleepily, and allowed me to walk right into Holland, *i.e.*, the Flushing buffet.

—•••—

People who travel with you stare at you hard, and not, you think, in a friendly way. You stare back, and try to convey the impression that you believe the fellow's one of those Germans or pro-Germans with whom people at home tell you Holland is infested. Then, in due course, he talks, and proves himself to be a pro-Ally, one who would die for the Allies (verbally) in the last dyke, and assures you positively that there are no pro-Germans in Holland save certain classes of officers and—smugglers.

—•••—

Later on, it is explained to me by an English friend that the Dutch stare is quite free from hostility. Everybody stares at everybody in Holland, because everybody thinks everybody is staring at him, and if a man stares at you he's probably a good Dutchman. The Boches don't stare at you at all. I asked a Dutchman why, and was told that the Germans in Holland were, on the whole, quiet and unobtrusive, and didn't like even so much as to hear the name Belgium.

THE BYSTANDER IN HOLLAND (continued)

Dutch Likes and Dislikes

At Amsterdam all is a blaze of neutral luminosity. Though the Zeppelin hour is struck, the Heavens are free from suspicion of harbouring the hellish gasbags. One will be able to sleep abed that night in the centre of the city and on a top floor! Walking through the crowded streets, one sees hundreds and hundreds of young men, none of

"One sees hundreds and hundreds of young men, none of them in khaki"

them in khaki. It is only after several days that one gets into the habit of not looking at them with eyes of middle-aged, non-eligible scorn, and asking them why they don't join the Army. One does, however, sometimes want to go up to a typical Hollander with the question:

"What did you do in the great war? Did you even try to bring it to an end?"

And in this connection, methinks, after a number of casual conversations, that the Dutchman suffers from an excess of modesty. He does not seem altogether to realise that out of his six million inhabitants he has one million possible soldiers, and that in the present state of Europe, these would be sufficient to exercise a decisive influence, at a most favourable geographical position.

The Dutch live in a world of realities, and this war has presented them with two unquestionable *Facts*, the one is the German Army, the other is the British Navy. They are neutral because they have about an equal regard for both—at a distance. If the German Army could overrun Holland and deprive it of its independence, the British Navy could blockade it, sever its communications with the world, and annex its colonies. If Holland had to choose between either evil, she would be hard put to it indeed. What she would most welcome, therefore, would be that the two great rivals should bury the hatchet and exist each for each in its own element.

Holland liked things best as they were, having no special love for elephants masquerading as whales or *vice versa*. A conscriptionised England was emphatically disliked by all the Dutchmen I met. Haters of militarism themselves, they have always looked on England as the bulwark against it, and they know without doubt that a militarised England will be altogether a different country from the one they have known and liked. The young upper-class Dutchman has not escaped the influence of the knut, and his clothes bear a Bond Street hall-mark. In physiognomy he is little distinguishable from the Britisher; he speaks English with a drawl and the slightest trace of accent. Also, he is tall and slender.

I asked an influential Amsterdamer if he thought that one fine and blessed day Holland would be the scene of a Peace Conference. He did not think it mattered a Dam.* He did not believe that the rôle of peacemaker was one that Holland or any other neutral country need seek. As to the use of the Peace Palace at The Hague, he doubted it.

"None of the diplomatists would dare so much as to look at it."

The neutrality of the Hollander is not the mere result of the happy accident of his having kept out of the war. It is a composite emotion, made up of a variety of dislikes and suspicions. First, he is anti-German by nature and by all his gods. His is the most individual nation on earth: the one that insists most upon itself.

"A German who has lived in Holland twelve years becomes a Dutchman."

"H'm. . . . Why?"

"What about the Zuider Zee? Does not Holland still want it to be damned?"

"Because he likes it better. It is more comfortable, and he loves comfort. Being a Dutchman lets him off so many disciplines. Being a Dutchman means not troubling, but just living and eating and sleeping and getting fat, and that is what every German, in his heart of hearts, wants, no matter how he may profess his love for efficiency and effort."

* In Holland, this is not a profanity.

(Continued on page 188)

THE BYSTANDER IN HOLLAND (*concluded from page 185*)

The Dutch would fight to the last cheese rather than have the Germans rule over them. That does not, however, mean that they are consumed with a holy zeal for each and all of the Allies. Towards ourselves, affection is by no means of the slobbering kind. They seem to measure us up, somehow, and to know quite a deal about us. They talk about some war or other which they say we waged some years ago against their kinsmen in a place called South Africa. Though we have quite naturally forgotten that inglorious episode of our crowded recent history, they haven't. They remember it, and the name De Wet is one that is actually held in reverence, while that of Botha—whom they regard as a renegade—is not.

Then Amsterdam, being a city largely populated by Jews, is only moderate in its enthusiasm for Russia. The Dutch don't think of Russia to the extent that they should as the guardian of the rights of oppressed nationalities. Howsomdever, when it came to the question of responsibility for the war, I found no single Dutchman who had any doubts whatever on that point. The German allegation that it was England's fell and foul deed just makes him shake his sides with merriment, not so much at the humour of the allegation itself as at the fact that the Germans should apparently believe it themselves.

But suppose intervention in the war should be forced on Holland—her weight in the scale on either side might be decisive one day—what would be the market price of her support? I am sure Germany, at all events, would be only too glad to repay Holland even to the extent of annexing her. As for ourselves, there were things, weren't there, that we could do for Holland? I spoke of these things to a Dutchman of importance, over an excellent cocktail in the Amsterdam Club. But he shook his head, and insisted that Holland wanted *niets* (*i.e.*, nothing) out of the war other than a well-filled purse.

"What about the Zuider Zee? Does not Holland still want it to be dammed?"

"Of course, of course! Always she wants it so, and always she is likely to go on wanting it. Governments win elections on the promise to do it, and never keep their promises. And it would only cost a mere ninety million pounds—about as much as one month of your wonderful war!"

I was on the point of offering to do it right away. But diplomacy forbade. It would be rash to commit oneself. Perhaps the Government might want one of their own members to arrange it, on a basis of 10 per cent. commission. Besides, though to cut the war short by one month might add a new province to Holland, what *would* my elderly friends in English armchairs say if they heard I had even for one moment *thought* of cutting their war short?

So I didn't offer to dam the Zuider Zee. But I do just place it on record that the Dutch seem distinctly agreeable when anybody talks on that subject, and if there is any service they *can* render to the Allies with regard to the adjustment of terms, that seems to be the direction in which payment—or, as one might say, the dibs—*could* be made.

In another article, I will offer some further impressions of Holland and the Dutch.

(*To be continued next week*)

OUR CHIVALROUS ENEMIES!

"The submarine and its great friends, the sharks, waiting for their prey"

FROM "DIE WOCHENSCHAU"

Obviously !

THE YOUNG AND TALKATIVE ONE: "What made that 'ole?"
THE FED-UP ONE: "Mice"

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

These Be Your

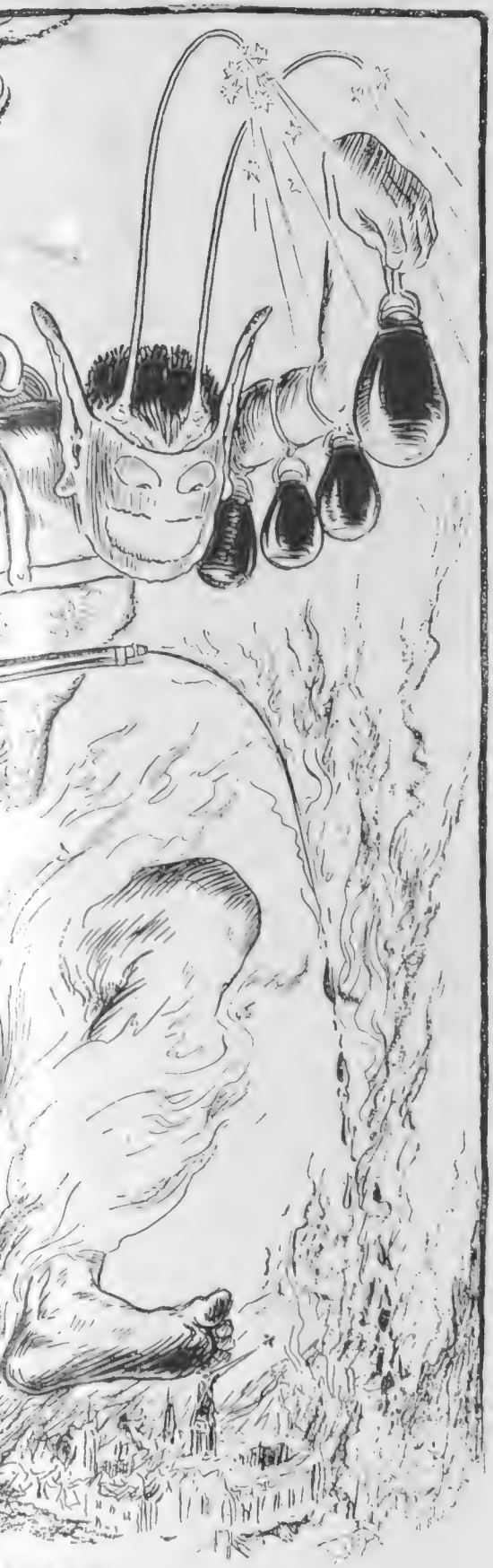
COMPULSION

CENSORSHIP

MODERN

A PICTORIAL PRESENTMENT OF THE DOMINANT DIV

Gods, O, Europe!



MARS

RUMOUR

ORGANIZATION

NITIES OF THE YEAR 1915 OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA

BY CHARLES R. SYKES

Things That Don't Matter

BY QUIDNUNC

THE war has neither given us a poem nor a song that will live. It has not even found its own name yet. After these failures the fact that it has not produced for us a great General or anyone worth calling a statesman will pass unnoticed.

* * *

Lord Derby is big and bluff and popular. He is not clever, so he may possibly become great. He is just the ordinary Englishman, and he has been given an extraordinary chance. If he succeeds, the nation will realise that a sane honest mediocrity is preferable to very doubtful genius. Lord Derby is a typical John Bull. Poor old "John Bull" in these supercilious later years has been exiled from the Councils of State, and left to the whiskey-poster and the showyard. Now in crisis we have found him again. Lord Derby will be occasionally wrong, but always manly. This will be a great improvement on Mr. Genius of the Front Bench, who is invariably "sloppy" and seldom right.

* * *

In my capacity as a recruiting agent (unpaid and shockingly insulted) I visited a Brotherhood meeting last Sunday. My hopes rose with the hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers, marching *as* to war."

* * *

In spite of a perfervid address on "The Justice of Our Cause," delivered by a young man of military age and loudly applauded by a mob of others of the same description, I came sadly to the conclusion that "*as* to war" was as near to the real thing as these voice-valiant slackers were likely to go. Now, would the *Globe* really demand reprisals if we had a nice Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Zep Raid—answering cant with cannisters and bombast with bombs?

* * *

The war has dealt faithfully with our stock nuisances. It has quietly asphyxiated them. Messrs. Hall Caine and Bernard Shaw, for instance, have, apparently, been "gassed," or at any rate they are hiding in the deepest of dug-outs. On the other hand the War Prophets made an advance during the early operations, but have since failed to consolidate their gains. We were for a time dazzled by their almost impossible series of inaccuracies, but shall never forgive them for being so dull.

* * *

But now out of the wreckage of forgotten greatness there emerges the Rev. R. J. Campbell. It is really very clever of him. He has beaten the Archbishops pointless, and has left standing such clever advertisers as Dr. Clifford and Mr. Meyer. Every newspaper will tell you that Mr. Campbell (with a portrait) is to write for us the very latest about Heaven. But every newspaper will also tell you that the new theologian is not to go unchallenged. The one and only Horatio Bottomley is to deliver himself on the same topic. I wonder if he will issue a prospectus and keep the founders' shares for himself? But why marvel! It is not the first time that the money-changers were near the Temple.

* * *

This contest is to take the form of a newspaper war. As yet Lord Northcliffe has made no move. It may be, of course, that he took a cautious feeler with "The Mons Angels." Perhaps, though, he does not recognise Heaven at all, as the *Mail* does not circulate there, and defective postal facilities debar the celestials from sending in their advertisements.

* * *

It is probable, however, that the *Times* will retaliate by giving an engaging series on Hell. A place where cotton is not contraband; where high explosives are abundant; where aliens are strictly interned; and where the Drink Problem has been solved by Total Abolition (instigated by the Cocoa Press), will furnish reflection for all.

* * *

But be careful about that series. There is a Carmelite trick in it. It is nothing but a new Plot to get rid of Ministers. I quote in confident anticipation from a forthcoming *Times* leading article:

"Our facts as to the Lower Regions have been challenged by Lord K-t-h-n-r, Sir E. Gr-y, and others. We are amazed to find that these disputants admit that they have no personal knowledge of the place about which they write. The nation will tolerate no longer such ignorance and effrontery in public men. In the name of the country we say to these mis-rulers, '*Go* to Hell!'"

COLD STEEL

CUSTOMER (*after a very bad shave*): "Let's see, didn't I meet you at Mons?"

Are They Downhearted, Too?

CURIOUS SUPPOSITION BY OUR ARTIST: *I.E.* THAT THERE ARE PESSIMISTS ALSO IN GERMANY, AND THAT THEY TALK AS INDICATED ABOVE!

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Mavourneen" at His Majesty's Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

ACCORDING to the programme, the events of this play occur "In Good King Charles's golden days," and when you come to think that the Merry Monarch is one of the leading characters in the production, the period assigned to it seems indisputable. I mean, you could hardly put King Charles into a play dealing with the reign of (the late) Queen Anne. Being the work of Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker, the spectacle naturally runs to a good deal of pageantry of a very pleasing kind. In fact, there is probably more pageant than play, since the dialogue is not quite as dashing as we have found it in other pieces associated with "Old Rowley." Perhaps the most important feature of the production is that it brings back to her numerous admirers the dainty Miss Lily Elsie, whose appearance in the first scene was the signal for a really boisterous outbreak of genuine applause.

Miss Elsie plays the part of Patricia O'Brien, a young and lovely girl whose father has promised her hand in marriage to an elderly party of fifty or so. This, we all agree, is a crying shame; and when Patricia announces her intention of running away from home, we concur quite joyously in her decision. We need not waste any sympathy either on her father or her elderly suitor, because neither of these gentlemen is represented in the piece; and you can't very well be expected to grieve over the unhappiness of people who do not appear to exist. Besides, Patricia seems to be the kind of girl who ought to have run away from home, anyhow, and one excuse is as good as another for this purpose. She climbs about the roof of her ancestral castle like a mischievous boy, and she is besides a fearless horsewoman and an expert at sword-play. And a girl like that would have only been an unnecessary worry to a husband of fifty.

We leave Patricia in the first scene counting the money that is to pay her expenses to London: and in the second scene she appears suddenly on a horse of the type of Don Quixote's "Rozinante," in the courtyard of the Bear Inn, Drury Lane. Furthermore, she is attired as a young man, just to give an extra touch of romance to the narrative. Among the company assembled in the courtyard is the notorious Lady Castlemaine, who takes a fancy to the newcomer at

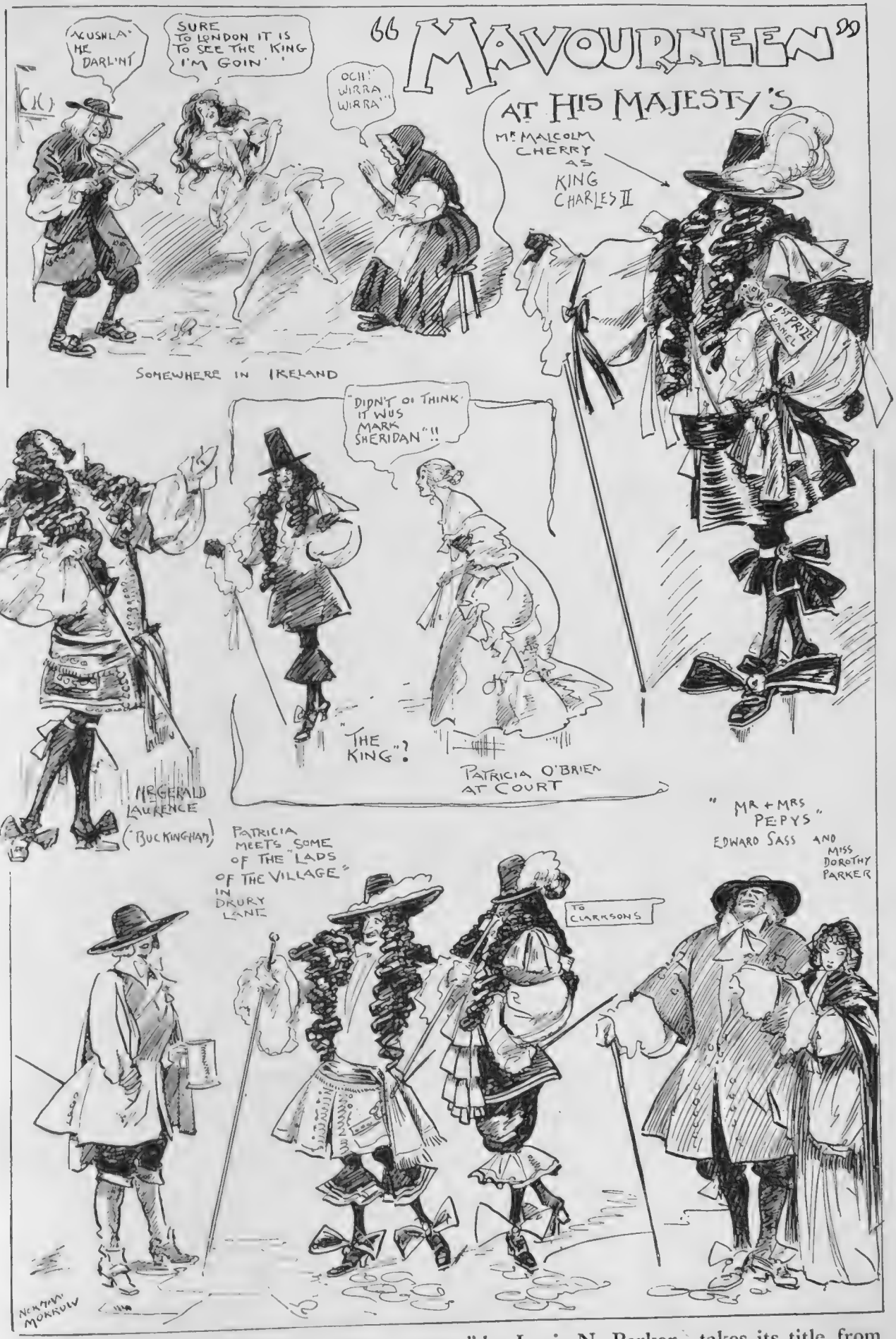
THE DASHING HEROINE AS A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

once. Thereupon high words ensue between Sidney Montagu and Patricia, and, as you may expect, swords are drawn at once with the view of bringing the little difference to an extremely conclusive settlement. In the midst of the pretty little fight, however, news comes that the unpopular Queen Catherine is coming down the Lane, followed by a somewhat hostile crowd. Patricia at once invites her opponent to discontinue their private fight and join her in beating back the mob. This the young people do with fine and telling effect, and with all the glittering success that invariably attends the hero or heroine in stories of this kind.

The scene then changes to Whitehall Palace. Patricia, who has become a girl again, has secured a job as Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, and she has been summoned by the King to pay him a personal call. The reason for good King Charles's patronage is not left for a moment in obscurity. It is generally understood that "Old Rowley" had a very nice taste in that respect. Needless to say, all his blandishments are entirely wasted on the sweetly innocent Irish girl; besides, she is rather impressed by young Sidney Montagu, with whom she had crossed swords so successfully in Drury Lane. She probably thought it would be handy to have a husband who was a poorer fighter than herself.

Perhaps Patricia and the pageant occupy a little too much of the time of the play. Mr. Malcolm Cherry makes a handsome Charles. Another character that might have been given a better chance is the precious Samuel Pepys, played, as far as he is allowed to go, with all due unction by Mr. Edward Sass. Pepys's little flirtation with his maid-servant is rather tamer than one's reading would lead one to expect. In an earlier scene Pepys explains to his acquaintances that he secured for the wench a position on the stage on account of her good voice and the shapeliness of her—understandings; but the debate that ensued as to the source of his knowledge in the latter particular was untimely nipped in the bud just as it threatened to become most interesting. A fine study of an old priest is given by Mr. C. V. France; and Miss Athene Seyler, who appears for a few moments as the hapless Catherine, made one of the successes of the evening.

JINGLE

More Pageant than Parker

The new play at His Majesty's, "Mavourneen," by Louis N. Parker, takes its title from the term of endearment by which the heroine is known to her family. It is chiefly remarkable for its pageant of costumes and its fidelity to historical tradition

The Bystander in PARIS

HOW ITALY IS TAKING THE WAR. By JOHN N. RAPHAEL

The Censor in Italy

ONE of the things that has always worried me is the fact that I can never remember what is in season. I know that you mustn't eat oysters till the month has an "r" (and even that depends on how you spell August), but haughty waiters continually turn their noses up at me when I ask for Brie or seakale or think I'd like a bit of pheasant, at the wrong season of the year. That is one of the reasons why I'm fond of macaroni. It is such a safe vegetable to ask for when you want it. And the cry for macaroni, its younger brother vermicelli, and its charming little sister polenta has been loud in the land this week. For Paris has been welcoming the bevy of French and British war correspondents, who, after some months' campaigning, are back from the Italian front. The Italian censors, from what the returning swallows tell me, have a method essentially their own. In Italy they do not arrest newspaper men and lock them in dingy dungeons. They allow them to hire motor-cars at great expense—their own—give them champagne luncheons, and let them go where they like. Then, when they have had enough of them, they say, "Gentlemen, the season for press correspondents has now ended. The close time for journalists is now over. Our sportsmen have orders to shoot you on sight, after the end of the month. *A riverderci!*"

All the Fun of the War

But the war correspondents in Italy have been having the time of their lives, and to listen to them Italy is positively enjoying war. Of course, Italy's war, so far, is all in the enemy's country, with the result that Italy's towns are full of life and light and music and gaiety, and the soldiers who have not been to the front yet, and they are an enormous proportion, have nothing to do but make love and enjoy the sunshine of smiles from brown eyes and smiles from blue skies. "The whole of Italy," a Frenchman told me, "is like a laughing girl with a scarlet flower behind her ear." *Eccola!*

Allies or All Lies?

But there is one thing which has impressed most of the "swallows," and that is Italy's selfishness. All the correspondents have come back with very grave doubts as to Italy's intention to be of any great use ultimately to the Allied cause. Italy, of course, is not at war with Germany, and the belief of all the correspondents, French and English, with whom I have spoken, is that she means to push the Austrians out of the Trentino, to make it quite impossible for them to return there, and then to say, "Well, we've done our bit, now, *chers amis et alliés*, so do you finish the war and let us all be happy." The idea rather spoils one's taste for macaroni, doesn't it?

Signore de Rougemont

And the methods of the Italian censorship are very interesting. There is much indignation among British correspondents with one of their number who is gifted with a vivid imagination and great powers of expression. This gentleman, his colleagues tell me, although he wore a khaki suit and many medal-ribbons, was only under fire once, and then he fainted and had to be revived with brandy. But he wrote gorgeous descriptions of mighty battles which he concocted from a safe distance with great wealth of incident, while those of his colleagues who had climbed up to the firing line were enjoying a champagne luncheon under fire, in a trench on the top of the Dolomites. And when some of these colleagues made protest to their own particular private Italian censor (each little group had a tame censor as a mascot) the censor blandly replied that, as the messages redounded to the credit of the Italian army, he saw no reason to suppress them, although they had so little foundation in fact.

Help from Holland

There was a little crowd, and an angry little crowd at that, on the Place de l'Opera, in Paris, the other afternoon, surrounding some young women—nurses, obviously—dressed in khaki. I thought at first that they were English nurses, but the crowd proclaimed them Boches. As I pressed my way into the crowd I heard gutturals, but the gutturals were certainly not German. There was something in the voices and the accents which reminded me of the unloading of stones from a cart. Then I remembered a happy week at The Hague, when the Queen of Holland was married, and I got the young ladies out of the difficulty by assuring the crowd that they were not Germans, but Dutch. For neutral Holland has founded a charming little hospital for wounded Allied soldiers in the Pré-Catelan, in the Bois de Boulogne, in the restaurant with lovely grounds, which the pocket of every visitor to Paris in peace-time has such reason to know. This little hospital is a welcome proof of the feelings of neutral Holland, with regard to the war.

Lions Going Cheap

Does anybody want a cheap lion? I know of three which are for sale at £4 each, and this, I am assured, is quite a moderate price for a healthy young lion. As a rule, at this time of the year, the happiest people in France are *les forains*. France loves (or loved before the war) the old-fashioned fair, with roundabouts and penny lotteries and wild beast shows. Now the poor *forains* have gone to the front, their horses have been taken, their wives and children live as they can, by the sale, bit by bit, of their property. So if anybody wants a lion and has £4 to spare, I know of three for sale. The daily takings of their owner was anything from eight to fifteen pounds, a year ago. But now. . . . And lions, as you know, have appetites.

War Types to-Date—No. 4

THE LADY TICKET COLLECTOR

BY SUB-LIEUT. ARTHUR WATTS, R.N.V.R.

Books of the Week

THREE NOVELS AND SOME POETRY

Harlequin and Columbine

THE last generation has done much towards the killing off of those jolly folk who used to run on to the pantomime stage when the harlequinade was about to begin. Harlequin and Pantaloon and Columbine seem, indeed, to be going the way of all things. Or, perhaps, they are just degenerating into ordinary respectable mortals. This is the quaint idea in the background of Miss Marie Cher's remarkable first novel, *The Immortal Gymnasts* (Heinemann: 6*s*.). From beings of a fourth dimension, able to exercise "cloud-currents" and so to read deep into human minds, they come to settle in London, run a dairy-shop, and in the process of becoming "cubical" humans find themselves immeshed in a double love-romance of an eminently satisfactory kind.

A Novel with an Air

Now I can say at once that this book is very well worth reading, more particularly if you are not in a hurry to reach the last page. It has an air of its own, a tea-party, cucumber-sandwichy air which amuses you and helps to disarm any sober-minded criticism you may feel called on to make. And there are some delightful people in it, people you will really enjoy reading about. There is also something particularly good in Miss Cher's methods of describing a house or a garden. She gets the feel of the old brocade, or the scent of the flowers, into her words. But she is too fond of allowing her vocabulary to run away with her; you can so easily have too much of a good thing. And why does nearly everyone of her people have a double-barrelled name? These, however, are but points. *The Immortal Gymnasts* is no ordinary novel, and it deserves a wide appreciation.

"THE BYSTANDER" WAR ARTIST AT WORK

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather engaged upon one of the humorous war cartoons, which appear weekly in this journal

An Old Witch—

There has always been something fascinating about a witch. She is not often called by that name to-day, but she still exists, probably in larger quantities than ever before, and mixes her philtres and weaves her spells—for the requisite guineas, in the good old way. Two novels dealing with her kind have just been published. Mr. J. W. Brodie-Innes, who is gradually coming to the front as a romantic writer of Old Scotland, has written a fine tale in *The Devil's Mistress* (Rider: 6*s*.). Here the Evil One himself appears as a quiet student, who takes for his mistress Isabel Goudie. In the old days, it seems, you could have a very good time with the Devil, but there was a price to pay, and Mistress Isabel, after a wild, breathless fling, found that she was not prepared to pay it. And so the Devil got the worst of it. Mr. Brodie-Innes is luckier than most novelists, for he found materials exciting enough for this first-rate story in the lives of his own ancestors. He writes easily and well and makes you believe the impossible with no difficulty at all. I say "the impossible," but mean, of course, "the improbable." There is, however, no getting away from the fact—of which Mr. Brodie-Innes takes the fullest advantage—that seventeenth-century Scotland was a mighty queer place.

—And a New One

The other story is the first work of a Canadian writer, Frances Fenwick Williams. *Theodora: A Soul on Fire* (Lane: 6*s*.) has a modern setting—the Montreal society of to-day. There is dear old Mrs. Bilkins who once possessed beautiful hair, and pleasant Mrs. Amherst, and the rich young bachelor, Herrod, and the hardworking Dr. Hale. Into their midst comes the extraordinary Theodora Carne with her mother, and then things begin to happen. Her engagements are frequent and always broken off — and the poor fellows always come to grief. Rumours naturally arise. Even stolid Mrs. Bilkins believes them. It is discovered that in the Carne family there was once a witch. Miss Theodora is—shunned. The misfortunes increase, but, luckily for Montreal mortality, the endeavours of a German doctor and a Canadian priest are brought to a successful conclusion. In what way the German doctor works, and what revelations occur during his experiment it would be unfair to say, but *Theodora* is a skilfully told story, and if you don't happen to believe in witches, you needn't.

Poetry

Some good poetry is appearing just now. Mr. Noyes's new volume, *A Salute to the Fleet* (Methuen: 5*s*. net) contains some soul-stirring lines. Mr. Gilbert Cannan in *Adventurous Love* (Methuen: 3*s*. 6*d*. net) has written a sonnet-sequence of merit. Lord Dunsany writes a preface to the quiet and tuneful *Songs of the Fields* (Jenkins: 3*s*. 6*d*. net) of Francis Ledwidge, a young Irish peasant now serving in the army, and another of Mr. Jenkins's discoveries. And there is the dedicate collection of *Poems* (Methuen: 1*s*. 6*d*.), by Iolo Aneurin Williams, a slim volume indeed, but one which contains some excellent verse.

R. S.

Our Stage Portraiture

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS LILY BRAYTON

Who, with her husband, Mr. Oscar Asche, is playing in "The Spanish Main" on tour in Scotland

The Resurrection of Private Draycott

By "JACK JOHNSON"

PRIVATE ERNEST DRAYCOTT, C. Company, 1st Batt. —— Rifles (T.F.), late of Loos, Northern France, manœuvred skilfully across the terrace on his crutches and sank gratefully into the comfortable armchair upon which the autumn sun was concentrating kindly rays, a position which afforded him a lavish view of the homely River Thames as far as Waterloo Bridge. He lit a fresh "Gold Flake" from the stock which had steadily accumulated since his arrival until it threatened to assume the proportions of a wholesale tobacconist's store, and sighed contentedly.

"I'm due back at the depôt in about a month, I suppose," he said, in reply to my inquiry as to his future movements, "shan't be there long, though," he added, "not when they want every man in the firing line they can get hold of if we are ever going to get on with this advance. And a man what's already had a whack is more useful than a chap what's green to the sort of fighting they want over there."

"Yes," I agreed, "but it does seem a bit rough on a wounded man going out again to the trenches. When you first go you don't know what it means to have bags of shrapnel, crumps, and what-nots slung at you morning, noon, and night, but going back to it all a second time. . . ."

"Well, I don't know," said Private Draycott; "a chap gets more used to it, I suppose, as time goes on. Besides, I'm already a corpse—as dead as mutton—and, therefore, such things have no further interest for a ghost like me. 'You can only die once,' says the good old proverb, and I've been and done it already."

"What do you mean, a corpse?" I asked astonished.

"Why, as dead as a chap can be when they've taken away his pipe, snaffled his cash, made a neat little bundle of his letters, pulled off his cold meat ticket and popped him in the ground as comfy as you please."

Private Draycott lit another "Gold Flake" off the stump of the old one, and shifted to an easier position.

"Gosh! How you get sick of sitting in the same old trench, looking at the same old picture over the way, listening to the same old whizbangs, the same old mud, the same old everything day after day—sometimes the dullness of the thing nearly drives you off your chump—wondering if you're ever going to get the word to scramble up the parapet and leg across the open like a frightened rabbit.

"Well, we got our orders one day, sure enough, as you know, just when we thought they'd left us out of the picture same as happened last time.

"At 4 a.m. our heavy guns started a furious bombardment, and our small quick-firing guns just behind us opened a point blank fusillade against the trenches opposite forty yards away; it literally swept away the German parapet. In our section the signal for the rush was a mine explosion. I thought that mine was never going to burst. My heart was going like a motor engine.

"Then suddenly, when I thought it would never happen, a tiny little voice from somewhere said 'Charge!' and the next moment we were over the sandbags and going hell-for-leather, yelling like a pack of chimpanzees!

"We took the first trench without a casualty; our bombardment had shook the beggars into lunatics. On again over blooming great slag heaps and enormous shell pits, and then a bit of red-hot ginger copped me fair, and out I went.

"When I came round I found I was half-lying in a small stream—I think it was the water that brought me round—and not a bit of me could I move an inch.

"Everything seemed pretty quiet and peaceful now, and I began to wonder if I'd got to settle down where I was for the rest of my natural. After what seemed hours I heard voices growing louder, and presently to my joy a couple of our stretcher-bearer chaps come along and hoisted me aboard. I wasn't half glad to see those young chaps; one of 'em had a drop of spirits, which put new life in me. We hadn't gone more than a hundred yards, and a pleasant glow was just beginning to steal over my body, when all of a sudden a —— Maxim started a half-moon sweep of the countryside, and both of my stretcher-bearer pals

NOT WHAT HE BARGAINED FOR

Jones, an extremely nervous man, volunteers for munition work. The above is the first job he is put on to

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(Continued on page 200)

Born 1820—
still going strong.

OFFICER (Egyptian Service): "I'm going to tell our C.O. there's a General come to see him."

JOHNNIE WALKER: "What! me a General?"

OFFICER: "Yes! General Favourite!"

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (*concluded from page* 198)

went down like a cabhorse struck by lightning, throwing me face downwards on top of a dead German what had lost all the facial beauty he'd ever had through running his mug up against a bit of sharp steel sudden like. A nice place to be left on your lonesome, that was!

"Heaven knows how many more hours I lay there—each one seemed like a blessed month—thinking of Charlie Chaplin and wondering how long my young lady in Sheffield would carry on when the news was broke her about her Ern. I seemed to be growing weaker, for I suppose I had lost a bit of blood, and things didn't seem to matter half as much as they did when those stretcher-bearer chaps come along.

"Gosh! What a thirst! I thought of all the beer I'd ever drunk, and it didn't seem more than a thimbleful. I thought of a little pub what I know of in the Edgware Road and the pals I had. . . . And then suddenly I become a corpse—as dead as frozen mutton!

"You wouldn't believe how natural it feels listening to a burial-party discussing how they're going to put you away. There was one of my mates there, Nosey Palmer, and there were three other chaps, and they'd just finished digging a longish bit of trench, judging by their breathing. I watched a clammy hand coming out towards me, and the next moment it was twitching my cold meat ticket, and then it was fumbling through my pockets, and though I had something like twenty francs on me I didn't somehow seem to mind.

"'Catch hold, Charlie!' I heard a voice say, and then somebody took me by the head and Nosey Palmer by the heels, and I was dropped into the pit with a thud that shook all the teeth up in my head. He was always a clumsy lout, old Nosey.

"Then Nosey Palmer come along with a spade, and I watched the earth dropping on my legs, and I wondered in a comfortable sort of way how much of it they were going to chuck on top of me, and what a mess my tunic must be in.

"Nosey Palmer stopped spading after a bit (lazy blighter he always was), and came and stood alongside of me.

"'Poor old Ern!' I heard him say to his mates; 'so he's gorn at last. Well, well! His heart was in the right place, though he had got a mug like a railway accident!'

"A mug like a railway accident! And this from Nosey Palmer, a chap with a thatch of ginger hair and a nose what had been properly flattened out with a poker in a row in the Old Kent Road!

"A new and wonderful strength seemed to steal over me as if by magic. It was just as if I had had a pennyworth of one of them electric machines you see on the pier at Clacton. Nosey had half turned so as to reach some looser sort of earth on the farther side of the pit, and his legs were by my ear. With one tremendous effort I upped with my head and drove my teeth through the calf of his leg as if it had been a half-pound roll of butter! . . . Gosh! I shall never forget the yell he gave. . . .

"And now instead of playing with a harp and singing hymns, as I ought to have been, I'm smokin' threepenny cigars and living like a lord. It's a rum world, and no mistake!"

JACK JOHNSON

A LEEDS PIANO WAREHOUSE

The above shows the Leeds premises, of the well-known firm of Messrs. Archibald Ramsden, Ltd., also of 103 New Bond Street, London, W., which was established by Mr. Archibald Ramsden in Park Row, Leeds, over fifty years ago. This firm also has depôts at Newcastle, Blyth, Bishop Auckland, Consett, Darlington, Ashington, Jarrow, Middlesbrough, Scarborough, Sunderland, and Doncaster, where a large selection of the finest English and Foreign Pianos are to be seen. The Directors are: Messrs. Archibald Ramsden, Archibald D. Ramsden, and George E. Iles

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THE COOK V. ECONOMY.

SOME NOTES ON THE WAR IN THE DOMESTIC THEATRE

BY VIOLET HUNT

MY brain in these days, like that of every other conscientious patriot and housekeeper, is seething with notions of magnificent and flamboyant economies in every direction. I am willing to wear cotton dresses trimmed with beads *appliqués* in the evenings instead of silk, linen mittens instead of kid gloves, to walk instead of driving, to wash my own hair and clean my own brown boots. But when it comes to economy in the *maison bouche* I am arrested by a stupid immovable post that is stronger than my irresistible patriotic force, which has since the last generation, when ladies still entered their own kitchens, become firmly established there.

* * *

A general is of no use without a willing and competent staff, and the officers of an English female general's household are gathered at haphazard from the class most unsusceptible of training in England. Privates enlisting in the British Army are drilled in exercises, instructed in the nature of things, but who could hope to drill or instruct a British cook or housemaid? They are as they are, God bless them, and we have done with them hitherto, and grumbled. These people, unfortunately, we cannot do without unless we are to lose our leisure, and with it the fine susceptibilities, the quick reactions to changes of circumstance and environment which make us fit to dragoon them.

* * *

No one ever practised the simple life without loss of mental power; domestic labour makes havoc of the finest brain. These necessary people live mentally in an almost Chinese seclusion, which ideas cannot penetrate. (It is said that they make worse servants if ideas in some way do. I for one cannot believe it.) Our cook is as magnificent an entity, as unabashed and sealed to all outward influences, as a priest of Lhassa. Her inferior satellites know no more than to obey (for on her depends their grub), and swing the censer that does not even purify, that is, if we take the futile duster as its worldly exemplar. The gales of civic disaster do not blow on this downstairs *comitatus*, the wind of privation is tempered to the woolly sheep that is not shorn by taxes and high-priced necessities of life. When flour goes up their withers are unwrung. When the bowels of the earth refuse to give up their treasure, except at a price, they are not expected to pay it, or go cold. They do not read the terrible papers except for murder cases; they are like Madame in Labiche's comedy, *qui ne lit que les chiens écrasés*. Brides in the Bath stir them, but not the long disagreeable list in the daily papers, to be conned by their patrons, of relative prices of necessary commodities. They are not particularly anxious for the Government to "take steps" to lower coal or meat rates; the fluctuations of flour do not agitate the gentle bosoms under the cotton frock. Their conversation in these days, if we only heard it, is not one whit more patriotic or less narrow in scope than that of Gurth and Wamba, the servants of Cedric the Saxon. In the same level voice the fat cook will say "The collector hasn't been for our cards for six months!" and "It's all very well, the Germans will get here yet." And it will be very well for her, even then.

* * *

It is impossible to preach economy to the one privileged class that has been left untouched by the cataclysm which is bracing us all to endeavour. The Pax Domestica rocked a little at first when staffs were frantically reduced—and then blessed munition and bureau work came along and, absorbing all the Suffragettes and truly disinterested females, left the field to the tranquil hewers of wood and drawers of water.

* * *

And the call to economy leaves them cold, naturally. In this, one of the most important departments of all, economy cannot be practised without their co-operation. They are called upon now, as a class, to work harder, to exercise more powers of intelligence. And some of them in a grudging way recognise the fact.

* * *

"It seems to me," my really nice and faithful cook said to me with the air of one making a great discovery, "that economy means fewer servants kept and more work for them."

"Precisely," I replied.

* * *

The wages of servants in most families have not been reduced. Servants can dispose of those wages much as they did before, unhampered by the claims of parents. Old Age pensions to which they do not contribute have eliminated that difficulty.

It is only the work which has had to be changed. The smart housemaid, with two or three rooms to dust out in a big house where "ten was kep'" is more or less a thing of the past. She must be willing to break her back over a greater number of rooms. The cook must cook more dishes and take more trouble to suck the nutriment out of ungrateful materials. "Lots

(Continued on page 204)

THE COOK v. ECONOMY (*concluded from page 203*)

of little messy things," said my nice cook contemptuously, "lots more pans to clean. Lots more plates to wash up. . . . Lots of thinking to do."

But the force of the last desideratum she did not realise.

* * *

Few people do realise the mental demands made on a cook, unless she has unlimited stuff to work on and can repair her errors. Rule of thumb, as opposed to scientific weighing of materials—this much and no more, thus far and no farther—is like the old-fashioned Dame School, set against the Board School with its smattered teaching of the importance of the stress of proportions, chemical reactions and changes of substance procured by heat. Rule of thumb, inasmuch as in a born cook it is merely automatic knowledge and the implied scorn of recipes, is all very well in peace; but it won't do in war-time.

* * *

To our pedagogic factotums a recipe is the work of some idiot bent on misleading a poor woman. And the Goddess of Economy is invoked.

"Twelve eggs, Mrs. Beeton says. I always put half."

But though she reduces the quantity of eggs she does not do the same with the flour, the butter, and the other ingredients.

I watched a ghostly hand on a cinema sheet the other day mixing hydro-chlorides—I know not what—demonstrating the process of poison gas making. I couldn't help thinking of the muddle-headed genie in the kitchen at home with her alembics and crucibles and retorts, mixing her acids and alkalies, liberating forces and transmuting them, generating, perhaps, a deadly poison every time she stuffs a closed receptacle into the oven. What does she know of the processes of decay that go on under confinement, the acceleration by heat of noxious influences?

"It's gone bad, mum. I had to frow it away."

* * *

Useless for the semi-instructed mistress to protest against such slight things as the butter wilting on the dresser in the heat of the kitchen, the meat, waiting for her verdict, with the playful flies careering over it. Cook knows nothing of enzymes, she does not know what can yet be done with tasteless and uninspiriting foreign meat by careful unfreezing. She can't see any difference between meat that has been killed a few days ago and meat that died in Australia six months ago.

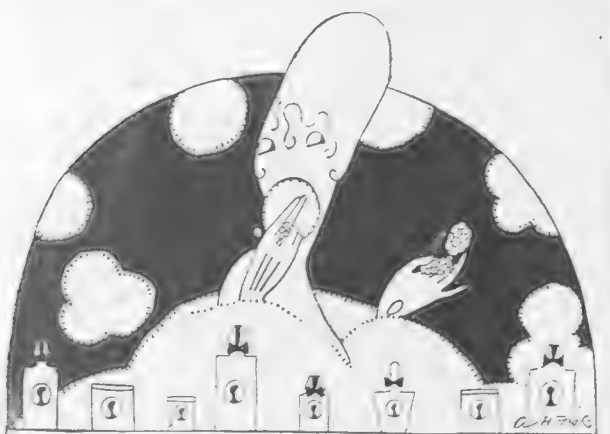
* * *

And now if she wishes, as some cooks undoubtedly do, to aid in the great patriotic task, she must condescend to be "told." She must hang over saucepans for hours—saucepans containing carefully apportioned minutiæ, recalcitrant gravies, and slowly reacting substances. She must learn to "mess," in fact, to find her fun as an artist in a multiplicity of ingredients, that, cherished and carefully brought on, make up a nourishing whole. She must patiently bring her things "partly to the boil," take them off again, put them into other pans, drain slowly, and wait. . . .

* * *

The handy joint, put all of a piece into the oven and hardly looked at again, is gone, gone to our soldiers in Flanders for male cooks to mismanage and render uneatable. She may console herself by the reflection that there is a sad want of her—such as she is—at that crucial point for all Britons.

VIOLET HUNT



Dorakleen

THE keen winds of Autumn and Winter impose a severe trial upon the skin and complexion. It is essential to counteract these climatic conditions by the application of appropriate remedies. It is the falsest economy, even in War-time, to allow blemishes to accumulate. A little timely attention will eradicate them, but neglect may mean years of trouble and expense, and even permanent disfigurement.

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Book of Autumn Modes sent Post Free.

Blouses and Shirts made by Shoolbred's are unvaryingly distinguished by originality of design, and are always practical and smart.

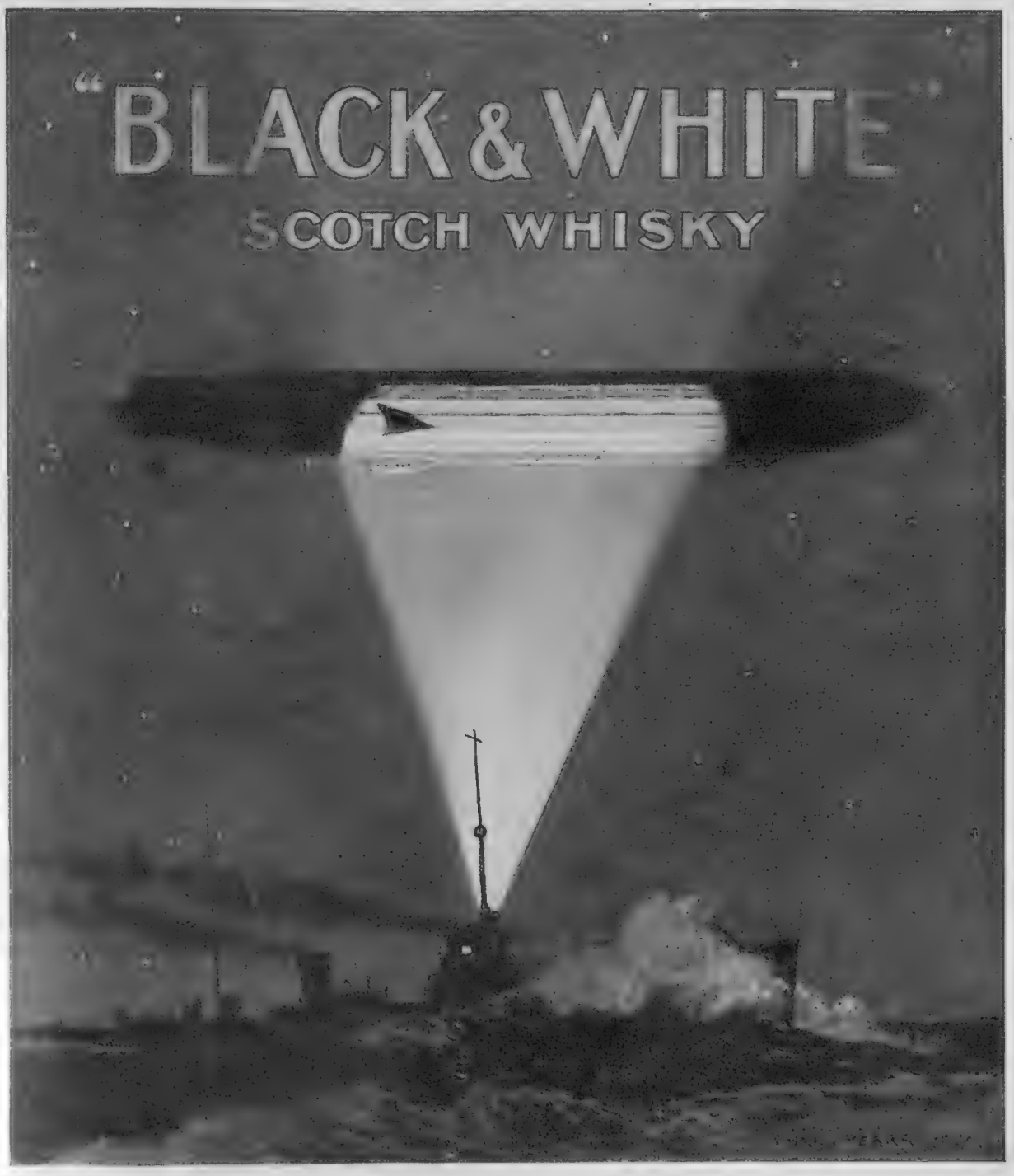
MODERATE PRICES RULE THROUGHOUT

The Model illustrated is a new shape with collar high at back, and with set-in-sleeves. Well made and tailored.

Can also be worn open V at neck if desired.

IN WHITE JAP SILK **12/9** IN STRIPED WOOL **8/11**

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.



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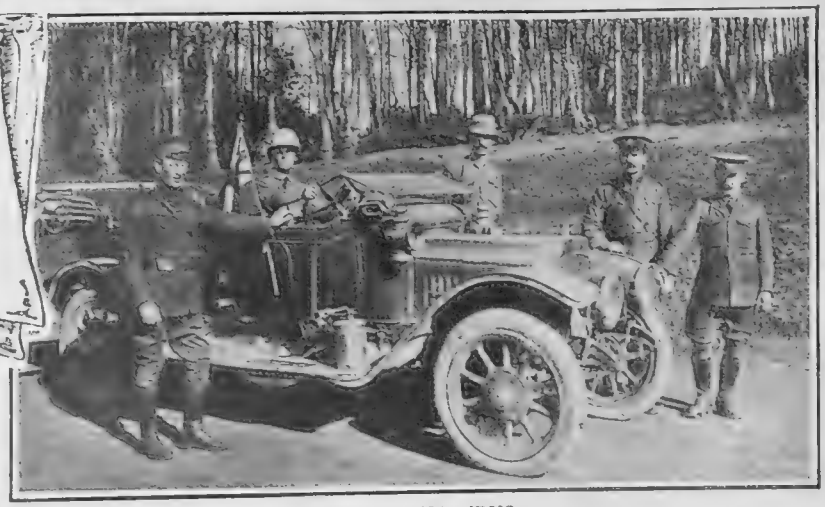
Buchanan's Scotch Whiskies are well-matured and perfectly blended. Their vast stocks in Scotland ensure an unfailing supply of the same faultless quality.

"BLACK & WHITE" AND "RED SEAL"

Motoring—
Scottish and Irish Developments

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY



THE BOTHA 'BUS

A 25 h.p. Vauxhall, used constantly in the personal service of General Botha during the campaign in South-West Africa. The flag on the car was carried throughout, and is now a prize in the possession of the Vauxhall Company at Great Portland Street. The sterling service rendered by Vauxhall vehic'es in South Africa is another tribute to their quality of sturdy efficiency

Two Cars

THE last few days or so have brought a couple of highly interesting announcements. One relates to the resuscitation of the Argyll, which is a chalk to Scotland; and the other relates to the advent of the Fergus car, which is a box of chalks to Ireland. The old Argyll depôt at Graham Street, Bridgeton, has been acquired by Mr. J. D. Brindlow, who, incidentally, has been associated with the Argyll from its early beginnings—which was long before the magnificent factory at Alexandria hung a financial burden it could not bear around the neck of Argyll's, Ltd. Alexandria works, when the crack came, passed rapidly through the hands of the Darracq Company, who, I believe, had no cause to complain about their share in the transaction when they handed the factory on to the firm of Sir W. G. Armstrong-Whitworth for the manufacture of munitions.

***

Spare Parts

The exit of any car that has attained a considerable measure of popularity, as the Argyll certainly had, is not only always a matter for regret, but it makes a problem for the owners of the cars still running. The problem of spare parts immediately arises. Unless there is a stock available to outlast the car, the owner may have to lose the services of that car and drop a considerable portion of the money invested in it. That, incidentally, is one of the handicaps always present when any new vehicle takes the road. If the potential buyer hesitates, as he should, it is often because he wants a guarantee that the new firm will not go out of existence and leave him in difficulties about the securing of those replacements required at one time or another for the sturdiest car.

***

The Argyll Resuscitated

The immediate business of the new Argyll Motor Company will, therefore, be the manufacture of spare parts for all the Argyll cars still running in their scores about the world—and likely to run; for the Argyll was made of sound stuff. Later, the idea is to concentrate upon the production of a single model Argyll, to carry on the old name, and to retain for Scotland the place previously occupied in the so-called pleasure car industry. Here's wishing the Argyll Rediviva all she could wish herself. Also, being in Scotland, here's to her other car companies, with a particular cheer for the Arrol-Johnston, at present full to its large model limit with munitions and their output, but ready when the blast of war no longer blows in our ears to return to the old familiar ways, better equipped than ever before to produce the cars of peace. And may it be my considerable luck to hike with the earliest of them to the hills and lakes, as it was in the days of long ago (seems long, anyway) and as (I hope) it still shall be.

***

Enter the Fergus

The which leaves me with little space to deal with the Fergus car, Ireland's entirely new contribution to the British industry, and, on the printed specification, one of the most notable vehicles which have ever entered the industry. The most interesting of its many interesting features is the ingenuity by which lubricational automaticity almost throughout the car has been secured. The vehicle is being produced by Messrs. J. B. Ferguson, Ltd., of Belfast, and comes at a time most opportune. Even if the whole car industry had been in full swing, the Fergus must have arrested a considerable volume of attention. Coming in a close season like the present, it has hardly a competitor to distract the scrutiny of the cognoscenti. This makes Ireland's second car, the first, of course, being the Chambers, of which I have some tender memories secured during the Irish Reliability Trials. With two makes of motor-car to its credit, Ireland begins to count quite respectably in the industry. Good ould Ireland! It may not have formulated reasons (which certainly exist) why it should be favourably regarded as a manufacturing centre for motor-cars among other things; but, when thinking in terms of an Empire market, it is placed at least as advantageously as any other place in the United Kingdom—and particularly for purposes of distribution.

A CAR OF "OUR DAY"

Placed at the disposal of the Red Cross Society by the Napier Company, the car attracted much public attention and rendered excellent assistance. Included in the group of ladies are Lady Dalmeny, Mrs. Hyde Chambers, and Mrs. Goodall Hawes

IF IT IS FOR AUTOMOBILE LIGHTING there is a C. A. V. Lamp Bulb for every purpose—40-page illustrated catalogue containing valuable advice on Car Lighting post free to every motorist.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Acton, London, W.

The sensation when riding in the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac tends to make you forget the presence of the engine. It is a sense of being borne along by some means other than mechanical. F. S. BENNETT, Ltd., 24-27, Orchard Street, Oxford Street, W.

TO FORD OWNERS.—The Claudel-Hobson special carburettor set for Fords, price £5 5s., increases power and reduces consumption. Once set never requires alteration—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 622.—Vol. XLVIII. Wednesday, November 3, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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BY ORDER OF TRUSTEES.

£7,000, WITH 29 ACRES.

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Practically adjoining 3 golf courses.

THIS VERY PICTURESQUE HOUSE, with its beautiful gardens, erected by the late owner at great cost, is in capital condition, standing on a south slope, commanding charming views. Hall, 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER LAID ON. RADIATORS.
LIFT TO TOP FLOOR. SANDY SOIL.

Terraced lawns, rose pergolas, tennis court, rock and water garden, and park-like meadows of about

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Gardener's house, motor garage, etc.

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WITHIN EASY REACH OF GOLF.

SUSSEX, NEAR HAYWARDS HEATH.

In a charming locality.

TO BE LET OR SOLD, this really choice old-fashioned gabled RESIDENCE, standing in

GROUNDS AND PADDOCKS OF 6 ACRES,

and containing 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, BILLIARD ROOM, etc., acetylene gas. Stabling and garage. Shady gardens, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen and fruit gardens, etc. 2 cottages if required.

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UNFURNISHED, £220 PER ANNUM.

OR WOULD BE LET FURNISHED.

ON HIGH GROUND

NEAR LEATHERHEAD.

A REALLY NICE LITTLE PROPERTY, MOST COMPACT AND EASILY RUN.

Hall, 3 reception rooms, handsome billiard room, servants' hall, 11 bedrooms, bathroom. Stabling and outbuildings, Company's water, electric light. Well-shaded grounds, tennis lawn, range of glass, kitchen garden, etc., JUST OVER 2 ACRES.

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NEAR IPSWICH AND WOODBRIDGE.

SUFFOLK.

Near first-class golf, and excellent shooting country. Also yachting facilities.

TO BE SOLD, a really UNIQUE COUNTRY HOME, comprising this charmingly planned modern Residence. 6 bedrooms. bathroom, 3 partly panelled reception rooms. good hall, etc.

EVERY CONVENIENCE. RADIATORS.

Motor-house and good cottage. Grounds and park-like grass-land of about 20 acres, with some fine old oak trees.—Full details of HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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BEAUTIFULLY PLACED ADJOINING GOLF LINKS AND COMMANDING VERY FINE VIEWS.

FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, surrounded by wooded lawns and grounds. Carriage drive approach with lodge entrance: lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, fine billiard room, and domestic offices, including servants' hall, 10 bedrooms, bathroom; Company's water, gas and electric light; stabling and garage; full-size tennis court, woodland walks, kitchen garden, orchard and 2 paddocks; 10 acres or more.—Apply, Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W.; and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (HS 8,178)

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WITHIN A MILE OF GOLF LINKS.

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A MODERN RESIDENCE on sandy soil, facing South with fine views towards Hindhead: 4 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; Company's water and electric light, central heating, modern drainage; stabling; pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, paddock and orchard, 4 acres in all; golf and fishing near. Freehold for SALE, or would be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,345)

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ASHDOWN FOREST DISTRICT.

575FT. UP. UNDER 1 MILE FROM STATION.

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Perfectly rural spot, yet under 15 miles from London; a few miles from Hatfield and St. Albans.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, or would be LET, Furnished, singularly attractive old-fashioned HOUSE, with all modern requirements; electric light, telephone, etc.: 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, servants' hall, etc.; stabling for 7, large garage; charming old grounds of about 10 acres.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., London, W.

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Many thousands spent recently in improvements.

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Furnished.

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The terms are very low:—

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Practically adjoining the famous Coombe Golf Links.

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A GENUINE OPPORTUNITY.
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TO BE LET, FURNISHED,

A CHARMING OLD COTTAGE

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Somewhere in Flanders

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Waterproofers by Appointment to His Majesty the King.

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PURE CASHMERE KNITTED COAT (*as sketch*) made from best quality yarn. Winter quality, ribbed or plain stitch. In silver grey, canary, light mauve, saxe, fawn, grey, dark saxe, dark mauve, light heliotrope, reseda, dark green, rose, light navy, emerald, cerise, purple, yellow, cinnamon, tangerine and scarlet. Usually sold at 42/- SPECIAL VALUE in above shades.

21/-

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Strongly-made Tan Dogskin SERVICE GLOVE, lined Lambskin, strap at wrist. Exceptional value **7/6**

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Tropical Sun, Sea Air or Washing cannot Fade them.

"SUNPRUF" CASEMENT CLOTHS, TWILLS, SHEETINGS REPS, SATINS AND TAPESTRIES AT LOWEST QUOTATIONS.

Every Length Guaranteed.

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TAPESTRIES, BROCADES & DAMASKS for Curtains and Covers. Splendid selection in all colours from 1/11¾ per yd.

VELVETS of British Manufacture from 3/3½ per yd., 50ins. wide.

DORIAN REP.—One of the finest Curtain Fabrics procurable. Guaranteed Unfadable. 3/6 per yd., 50ins. wide.

SATIN CLOTH in beautiful rich shades, 3/11½ per yd., 50ins. wide.

Patterns Post Free.

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Thoroughly well-upholstered Chair. Covered in Tapestry at 4/- per yd. **£4 19 0**

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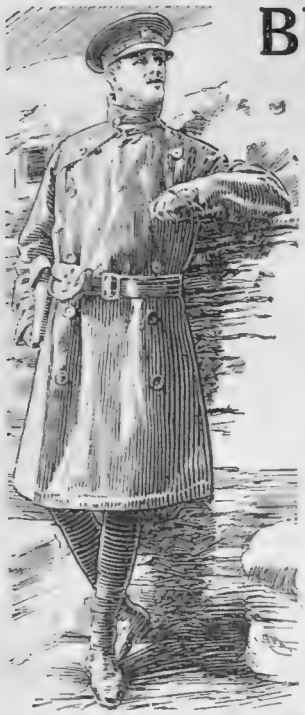
Williamson & Cole LTD

HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.

TRENCH-WARM BURBERRY



In ONE coat combines the comforts and services of THREE, each of which can be worn separately.

1. **TRENCH-WARM,** thick and impenetrable for severe weather.
2. **WEATHERPROOF** which will keep out the heaviest, continuous rain.
3. **SHORT-WARM** of Fleece—light and soft.

Two and three conjointly form one coat, *i.e.*, THE

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Will withstand hours of rain. Proofness is unaffected by heat, cold, or hard wear. Keeps out cold wind, yet is never overheating.

BURBERRYS' WINTER WAR KIT

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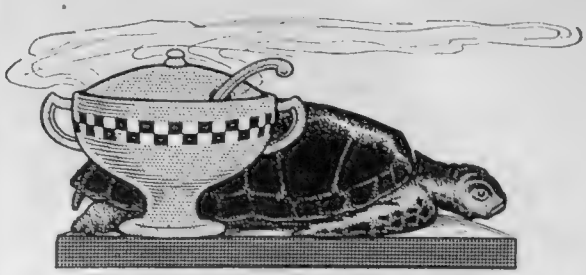

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TABLE DELICACIES

The WATFORD MFG. CO., Ltd., *proprietors of* BOISSELIERS (Boy-sel-e-a) CHOCOLATES, VI-COCOA, and FREEMANS TABLE DAINTIES, Victoria Works, WATFORD. England. 408

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of purchasing GERMAN TYRES, many of which are made in the same factory as the fabric for ZEPPELINS.

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THE FIRST DETACHABLE PNEUMATIC TYRE

All Plantation Rubber MOTOR TYRES

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THE PUBLISHER, Tallis House, Tallis St., Whitefriars, London E.C

This Corset has a girdle top and is most suitable for singers.

ON CORSET FITTING.

A NOTE *by* GISÈLE.

Of all the articles of woman's wear none should be given more attention than the corset.

At Marshall's the corset consultant is emphatic on the importance of everyone being fitted.

And I know that she is right. Besides, it costs no more at Marshall's; the prices range from 10/6 to 5 guineas, so why not be fitted by their expert?

The front-lacing models on the first floor will interest you.

Send for the Catalogue of Practical Fashions; it is posted free on request.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
LIMITED
Everything for woman's wear.
VERE ST. & OXFORD ST.
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SCARBOROUGH LEEDS
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A PERFECT "PICK-ME-UP." WARDS OFF GOUT AND RHEUMATISM

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CHAMPAGNE **Cider.**
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RUBINAT The **LLORACH**

Natural SPANISH Aperient Water
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N.B.—"A comparatively small dose suffices—A wine-glassful—fasting." BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

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Battleship-Teakwood Tea Wagons make Ideal Gifts for Hospitals.

You can recognise the good work of your local Hospital by the present of a Hughes, Bolckow Tea Wagon. Wherever the wounded are being tended, there is a daily need for one.

They ease the work. It takes little effort to propel them. They are silent and have ample carrying capacity.

Seasoned Teakwood & skilled Craftsmanship give them life-long durability. They are distinctive, historic and hygienic.

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at War-Time Prices.

This Company took advantage of the conditions brought about by the War by purchasing a large quantity of high-grade skins at below their actual value, and have now made them up in a variety of models, which are being offered at remarkably low prices.

A smart and serviceable Coat of Seal Musquash, suitable for motoring or travelling. Cut on fashionable lines from good reliable skins, and lined with rich Satin. **£29**

The following are further examples of the exceptional value offered :—

Natural Musquash Coats from	£17	Black Fox Stole and Muff from	£10
Seal Musquash Coats ,,	£25	Canadian Lynx ,, ,,	£10
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HOSPITAL NURSES' SALOON.

Complete Equipment of Nurses for Home Detachments and the

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All Surgical Implements and Appliances in Stock.
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(in best quality serge) **29/6.**
Also in fine Cravenette, guaranteed fast dye, especially suitable for Warm Climates, **31/6**
All sizes in stock.

Apron, in stout linen-finished Cloth	2/6 each.
Overall in blue-grey Cotton Cloth	7/6 ,,
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Sleeves	8½d. pair.
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Collar (as illustration) ..	6½d. ,,

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ALL WOOL SERGE
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Tailor-made.
42/- Complete.

IN FINE COATING SERGE (for Warm Climates)
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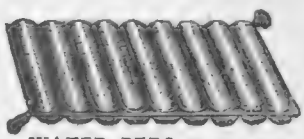
For the Seat of War.
GARROULD'S SPECIAL NURSE'S APRON.

Made in White Mackintosh, **5/6** each.



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(Best Quality.)

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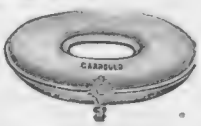

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Sizes: 48 x 36in. 72 x 36in.
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CIRCULAR AIR CUSHION.

In best red rubber.
English make guaranteed

14in.	15in.	16in.	17in.
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36 x 24in.	36 x 30in	36 x 36in.	18in	36in.	20in	diam.
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English Manufacture.
Each Bottle Guaranteed.
At Special Prices.
These bottles are made with improved handle, arranged to keep the funnel in position whilst being filled.

Ins.		Ins.	
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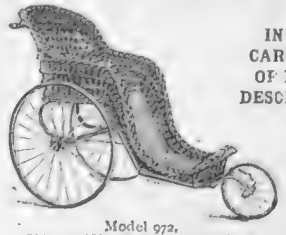
12 x 6	3/11	12 x 10	5/6
10 x 8	4/3	14 x 10	6/3
12 x 8	4/9	16 x 10	6/9



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Model 972.
WICKER BATH CHAIR.

Strong and light. Best quality throughout. In three sizes—

Small	£3 3 0
Medium ...	£3 11 0
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MERLIN CHAIR
(as illustration)

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Daimler

The Principal Unit of the Chassis is THE ENGINE.

THE impression that there is little to choose between high class motors is fairly common, but the owner of a Daimler knows that ordinary comparisons do not apply to his car.

The Silent Sleeve-Valve Engine created a standard of its own—a superior class. There is no comparison in design or principle, and, there is no comparison in results.

Until you have driven a Daimler, it is unwise to generalise on the qualities of motors.

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1. The Courses embrace just WHAT LADIES NEED TO LEARN.
2. The FEES ARE the LOWEST in London.
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4. The largest Motor Instruction Works in the World, and situate in the heart of London.
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CALL OR WRITE
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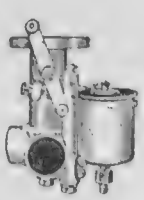
Save the Petrol Tax by fitting a

ZENITH

CARBURETTER



to your car, which will give more miles to the gallon.
400,000 Motorists testify to this.

Send for Booklet No. 10, which tells you why the Zenith is so economical.

ZENITH CARBURETTER Co., Ltd., 40-42, Newman St., London, W.
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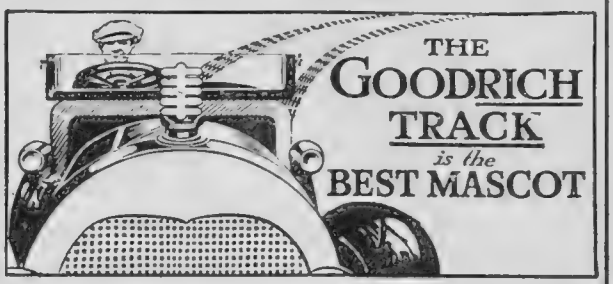
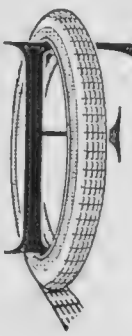


TAKE THE SAFETY SIGN WITH YOU



FIT Goodrich Safety Tread Tyres and you will have the best mascot in the world; it spells security, comfort, ease of mind. Those fingers of tough resilient Para take a grip of the road bed that doubles the pleasure of driving.

Incidentally, it lessens the expense of tyre buying and makes a vast difference for the better in running expenses.

The Goodrich tread is ensuring the safety and comfort of thousands and thousands of motorists at this moment. No "skid dread" for them. When you see the Goodrich track on the road, you know that the car which made it is equipped with the best mascot of all—the Goodrich Safety Tread.

REMEMBER THE NAME—

GOODRICH
SAFETY TREAD
TYRES

Send for Descriptive Literature to the B. F. Goodrich Co., Ltd., Sole Makers, 117-123, Golden Lane, London, E.C.

An Incident of the Trenches

Tommy—Look here, boys, someone's dropped a cake of Pears' Soap. What a quick answer to my letter home of last night, asking for some to be sent in the next parcel. Line up, we must have it. It'll do for the lot of us, and by George! we need it.

They got it, and had the wash of their lives.

Pears' Soap

is doing capital work at the Front. The boys give a cheer when they see it. There is nothing like it for freshening up the skin and keeping it in a healthy condition. It is the most economical of toilet soaps, therefore

always make a point of including Pears in your parcels

A beautiful coloured reproduction of "BUBBLES," a fac-simile of the world-famous picture by Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A., size 28in. by 19in., free from any advertising, will be sent post free on receipt of 10d. in stamps or postal order.

A. & F. Pears, Ltd., 71-75, New Oxford St., London, W.C.

Fashions Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

ALTHOUGH it was only to be expected, because it is so essentially a British production, nevertheless the hold velveteen has acquired surpasses all expectations. In all the new wine shades, raven's wing, blue, browns, etc., the velveteen suit brooks few rivals, and carries conviction everywhere.

A Barri Persuasion

At the well-known and very exclusive *atelier* at 72, Baker Street, Madame Barri is scoring heavily with her special occasion costumes and gowns in this highly favoured fabric. An example of particularly elegant character is illustrated, the sketch speaking far more eloquently than any words as to the correctness of the style. Sometimes the collars to these velveteen coats are faced with a Roman stripe, a touch that imparts a telling note of distinction, or, again, they will be narrowly bound with a fine silk military braid. But, however presented, these creations of Madame Barri are always desirable.

This unquestionably clever *couturière* is likewise turning out the sweetest little afternoon and semi-evening gowns, for the like occasion, chiefly in soft dull satins, with sleeves of Georgette or *ninon*. Black *ninon* mounted over yellow proved most effective in the case of a black satin scheme that finished at the waist with deftly folded *ceinture* of velvet passed through a buckle.

Another very interesting innovation here is a baby cot, mounted on the usual rockers, but so planned that when the actual babyhood is passed the main portion can be transformed into an ordinary standing cot, or bed. Got out in wicker-work mounted in oak framing, the effect is admirable, and, as goes without saying, Mme. Barri is bringing all her tasteful resources to bear on the exterior decoration, which is always of the daintiest character.

COSTUME OF VELVETEEN FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

A typical example of Madame Barri's exclusive creations in this highly favoured fabric, as described on this page, and shown at 72, Baker Street

The Practical Note in Dress

With the wave of war work that has flooded the length and breadth of Great Britain, women are realising that dress for all occasions must be of a thoroughly practical character, and in order to meet the demand Mrs. Oliver, of 39, Old Bond Street, is making very special efforts with adorably "comfy" gowns for wearing at home after the toil and stress of the day is over, and among other styles to claim interested attention is the "Evening Smock," that forms the subject of our illustration on p. xii.

A feature of the garment is the ease with which it is slipped on, no fastening whatsoever being required, other than a few invisible clips that suffice to secure one side of the inserted vest. Mrs. Oliver is making this delightful gown of hers in any coloured velveteen, the vest and practical pocket embroidered in either gold or silver, whichever is considered best in keeping with the selected shade.

As so many ladies are dispensing altogether with the services of a maid, Mrs. Oliver is also forcing the practical note with her day dresses as well, having thoroughly grasped the fact that her clients have no time to waste

(Continued on page xii)

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued from page xi)

nowadays over dressing and undressing. When it comes to the actual working wardrobe itself Mrs. Oliver is equally prepared to supply garments in every way adapted to the most strenuous requirements. Special uniforms and overalls for munition, farm, canteen-workers, and the like, likewise command Mrs. Oliver's closest attention, and she is also deeply concerned in advancing a fresh supply of her very much appreciated "Olva" scarves, travelling rugs, and sports coats, which are being run through in the usual range of lovely and artistic colours.

COMFORTABLE "SLIP-ON" GOWN

For evening wear at home. Sketched at Mrs. Oliver's, 39, Old Bond Street, and described on page xi.

Vogue for Contrasts in Millinery Modes

It seems as though every hour almost brought fresh seductions in the realms of millinery. In the very ably handled millinery department at Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road, there is a vast deal to be seen and considered. A fascinating little *chapeau* has a swirled crown of *faille*, with brim of velvet in tone. This, indeed, is taken as the subject of one of our sketches, the picture (p. xiv) at once revealing the meaning of the swirled crown, the flutes or folds starting from the centre of the crown, which is trimmed round the base with a band of skunk opossum. The brim, which is of velvet, is also replete with originality, sweeping up at the side, and, after a dip downwards, again at the back, and in a long range of colours the price is *32s. 6d.* The other illustration depicts a remarkable draped arrangement of velvet, the draperies appearing to conclude in ends, reminiscent of donkeys' ears, passed through a buckle. The quite narrow brim is of silk, and frequently in a contrasting colour to the velvet. Thus, the model under discussion has a dull navy brim to a crown of wine-coloured velvet, the buckle in every case going with the brim. If preferred, however, the whole scheme can be carried out in one tone, the cost coming out in every case at *35s. 9d.* The millinery throughout at Shoolbred's is remarkable for its moderate cost, which, allied with the insistent fine taste exercised, renders the department a valuable asset to the establishment.

Mantles of Covetable Character

From time immemorial at Tottenham House mantles have held a sway second to none, and this season, with an incentive that has seldom been equalled, the display is exceptionally representative. Among the *galère* is the brown *velour* illustrated, a quiet ladylike *manteau*, the Raglan sleeves set in with very heavy pipings. A band of skunk borders the hem, the collar of the same fur being fashioned to enwrap the throat closely, while the cuffs to the sleeves are of *velour*. Of the varieties of pony cloth wraps there is an endless array. A striped pony cloth is very striking, and Shoolbred's are showing a straight full sacque shape of this, ornamented with crossway folds of the same, and closing at a slightly double-breasted line with a close row of large soft self-covered buttons. Built on very picturesque lines is another coat of pony cloth, the skirt laid in inverted pleats, held by great *cabochon*, and finished with pocket flaps of cavalier character. A few examples of these woven cloth wraps are illustrated in Shoolbred's catalogue, which has recently been issued and is well worth perusing.

MANTLE OF BROWN VELOUR

With band of skunk bordering the hem, collar of the same fur, and Raglan sleeves set in with heavy pipings. Sketched at Messrs. Shoolbred's Tottenham Court Road

"Wana-Ranee"

Although the name exhales an atmosphere of the languorous East, "Wana-Ranee" boasts peculiarly invigorating powers, and the very most fastidious are counting it among their treasured possessions. There is nothing strong or over-powering about "Wana Ranee," and yet the scent penetrates and arrests the approval of one and all of refined, cultured taste. Although only making its *début* in July, 1914, "Wana-Ranee" has already gained for itself a strong position as an ideal perfume, a fact that speaks volumes in its praise, taking into due consideration the paralysing effect of the great war.

The proprietors, moreover, realising that a perfect harmony is essential to the success of all fragrance, are likewise offering a remarkably attractive series of "Wana-Ranee" toilet preparations, including a wonderfully effective hair lotion, toilet water, brilliantine, dental cream, face powder, bath crystals, toilet cream, etc., every one of which, like the beautiful "Wana-Ranee" perfume, is made from the purest ingredients, a guarantee of the fact being supplied by the name of the distillers, Messrs. J. Grossmith and Son, Newgate Street, E.C., which is stamped on every "Wana-Ranee" production sold.

An Ancient Handicraft

The ancient town of Leicester, from its situation in the flat, osier-growing valley of the Soar, has been from time immemorial a basket-making centre. When, therefore, the need arose for a new and better

(*Continued on page xiv*)

Wilson & Gill

139 & 141 Regent Street
LONDON.W.

BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED
REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES

18-ct.Gold, Enamelled in Colours, Platinised Silver Serpent, £3 17 6
With Diamond Serpent, £6 10 0

Fine Gold, Platinum and Diamond Brooch.
£4 10 0

18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colours, set Diamonds, £5 10 0
Others from £7 0 0 to £25 0 0

ANY REGIMENTAL OR NAVAL BADGE can be Reproduced in Gold or Enamel, with or without Precious Stones, from £3.10.0 to £50. Sketches and Estimates on Application.

Trial Bottle. 6d.

FOR GREY HAIR
SEEGEROL

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle Trial bottle 6d., large case 2/- post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, everywhere or direct. HINDES LTD., 1b, Tabernacle Street, London, E.C

Don't Try to Electrocute Your Superfluous Hair.

ELECTRICITY ALWAYS STIMULATES HAIR GROWTH. HOW TO KILL AND DISSOLVE OUT ROOTS AND ALL.

For the benefit of "The Bystander" Readers, Lady explains how she accidentally discovered a New Absorption Process which Permanently Removed her Hairy Mask, after Electricity, Tweezers, Caustic Pastes, Lotions, Powders, and all other Depilatories and advertised Remedies had absolutely failed to do anything but harm.

By following simple directions given below, any woman now has the means of easily preparing and using in her own home this wonderful process, which has hitherto been a carefully guarded secret known only to a few high-priced specialists. Full directions are now made public for the first time.

All who are afflicted with superfluous hair will be interested to learn of the amazing discovery made by Miss Kathryn B. Firmin, who until recently was deeply humiliated by these repulsive growths upon her face, neck, and arms. As the hair constantly became more thick and hideous, she tried every process and remedy advertised or recommended, but found to her sorrow that if any of these removed hair at all, the effects were only temporary, and new growths soon appeared stronger than ever. Even hours of torture under the cruel electric needle simply meant great pain, a sore and blemished skin, and the inevitable disappointment. After spending huge sums in efforts to be rid of her terrible and beauty-destroying affliction, Miss Firmin was about to give up in despair, when by chance she learned of a means by which the beauties of Ancient Rome are said to have permanently banished superfluous hair. With only a very slight clue as to the nature of this remarkable process used in bygone ages, Miss Firmin tells how she set to work experimenting in her tireless effort to wrest the lost secret from the past. From the accounts of Miss Firmin's discovery, which have recently aroused so much interest among women with superfluous hair, there seems to be no doubt that at last there has been found a way, most radically different from anything hitherto known, by which any woman can now rid herself permanently, harmlessly, and painlessly of all superfluous hair growths by dissolving them out of existence, root and all. One part of the process consists of a solution, easily obtained and prepared by anyone, which possesses the remarkable quality of being readily absorbed by the hair, so that it creeps down to the root, dissolving as it goes, just as oil creeps up a lamp wick. It is perhaps needless to caution any who may use this process, which has so deadly an effect on the hair, that it must never by any chance be permitted to touch hair which is not to be destroyed. In explaining the process, Miss Firmin mentions that it is perfectly neutral, ineffective to the skin, as anyone can quickly prove by experiment, but she disclaims all responsibility for permanent loss of desirable hair, such as eyebrows, hair of the head, etc., to which the process is applied. Even though the accidental application be insufficient to dissolve the hair at once, it will eventually die, and fall out, and there exists no known means of restoring life to hair roots thus affected.

"A horrible hairy mask ruined my face. For years I was humiliated and ashamed, with a beard like a man."

"Now my superfluous hair has completely disappeared, and my face is soft, fair, and smooth. You can accomplish the same permanent results without trouble or inconvenience of any kind."

For the benefit of any readers who may be interrested, and who wish to be rid of their superfluous hair by this remarkable process we are authorised to announce that Miss Firmin has agreed to send all necessary particulars regarding its preparation and use to any reader sufficiently interested to send her two penny stamps for return postage. Simply address: Miss Kathryn B. Firmin (Suite 1,255 R), 133, Oxford Street, London, W., and full particulars will be sent by return post in plain sealed envelope.

On account of the great demands upon Miss Firmin's time, she has stipulated that this offer must be announced to positively expire at the end of ten days.

Try a
COLMAN'S
MUSTARD BATH

Interesting booklet telling "why," sent post free on application to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., London, and Carrow Works, Norwich.

Bensdorp's
Royal Dutch
Cocoa

saves ½ your cocoa because it is double strength

NO INCREASE IN PRICE.
Ask your Grocer for sample, or send for same direct to—
BENSDORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA, 31, Eastcheap, LONDON, E.C.

FASHIONS' FANCIES (*concluded from page* xii)

treatment of cane furniture—a development of the old industry of basket-making—it was natural that Leicester should lead. In the production of Dryad Cane Furniture considerations of comfort and homeliness have been borne in mind and extremes avoided. Using all that has survived of good traditional methods, the best craftsmanship and material, the Dryad business has not only developed a new style of design in cane-work, but new methods of construction also, and there can be no doubt that most makers of cane furniture in this country have altered and improved their designs in consequence of the growing success of Dryad furniture and the popularity of this kind of work. Instead of the more cumbersome and often clumsily designed stuffed chairs, Dryad workers set out to combine comfort with beauty, lightness with strength, durability with moderate price, and the awards given to their works yearly testify to the fact that they lead in these things. They intend to keep this lead. The works at 42, St. Nicholas Street, Leicester, are always open to visitors interested in this handicraft.

TWO NOVEL HATS

In both of which velvet plays an important rôle. Sketched at Messrs. Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road, and fully described on page xii

Economy without Privation

Now that housewives are being counselled to buy as little imported food as possible, it is not inopportune to remind our readers of the merits of Plasmon Scotch Oats. These are entirely a British product, and are pronounced by no less an authority than the *Lancet* to be immeasurably superior to any other preparation of a similar nature, and to have 70 per cent. greater food value. Moreover, in these nerve-racking days it is well to remember that Plasmon Scotch Oats make bone, muscle, brain, while their delicious nutty flavour tempts a fastidious appetite. Economy in gas and coal is also enjoined by those in authority, and Plasmon Scotch Oats have the great advantage of requiring five minutes' boiling only. Since the war started there has been no advance on the original price of sixpence per packet. Chilly days will soon be here, and there is no more welcome dish on the breakfast table than porridge when made of Plasmon Scotch Oats.

For Our Four-Footed Friends at the Front

Her Majesty the Queen and Her Majesty Queen Alexandra have graciously given their patronage to the matinée which is being organised by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in aid of the special fund for the sick and wounded horses of the British Army at the front, at the St. James's Theatre on November 16, at which the following artistes, among other stars, have already promised to appear: Miss Perceval Allen, Miss Louise Dale, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Neil Kenyon, Mr. Nelson Keys, Miss Voilet Loraine, Miss Jean Stirling Mackinley, Mr. Cooper Mitchell, the Popinjays, Mr. Robert Radford, Miss Jeanette Steer, Mr. Harry Tate, Madame Gleeson White, and Mr. Bransby Williams.

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Pure full-cream milk, enriched with choice malted barley and wheat, forming a complete, nourishing and sustaining food which keeps indefinitely in any climate.

A delightful beverage, instantly ready by the addition of hot or cold water only.

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Supplied in convenient pocket flasks, 6d. and 1/- each.

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For skin-health and skin-loveliness a daily wash with Palmolive is far more effective and economical than the application of creams, powders and lotions.

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The creamy lather of Palmolive, which, unlike the lather from most soaps, contains no free alkali or artificial colouring, imparts a skin-ease which is delightful to experience.

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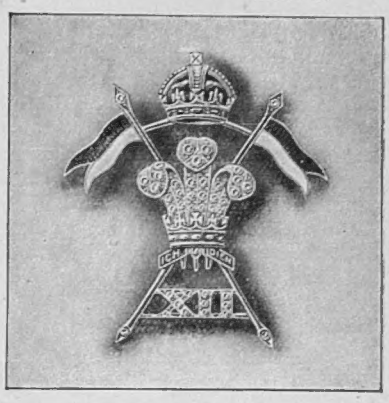

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THE PUBLISHER, TALLIS HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

The Menu: Economical Puddings

A Steamed Pudding

Beat 2 oz. of butter to a cream and stir into it 2 oz. of castor sugar; when well beaten together, mix with a ¼ lb. of flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat one egg thoroughly and mix with three tablespoonfuls of milk. Get a buttered basin, put one tablespoonful of jam mixed with a little water, and pour the other ingredients into it. Cover with buttered paper and steam for an hour. A jam sauce would be a great improvement to the pudding made as follows: One tablespoonful of jam (raspberry or strawberry, the same that is used in the pudding), one tablespoonful of castor sugar, one teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and a gill of water. Boil together the above ingredients, colour with a few drops of cochineal, and strain.

Apricot Vermicelli Pudding

Take half a cupful of vermicelli and pour on to it one pint of boiling milk. Cover the basin, and leave until the vermicelli is soft. Beat up one egg and gradually stir into the cooled milk, and then add a large tablespoonful of apricot jam. Place in a greased pie-dish, and bake slowly for nearly an hour. Turn out, and pour some apricot jam sauce over. The sauce is made by placing about a quarter of a 1 lb. pot of the jam in a saucepan with half a pint of water. Make quite hot and rub through a sieve.

Ginger Pudding

Half a pound of flour, ¼ lb. of finely chopped suet, ¼ lb. of Demerara sugar, one teaspoonful of ground ginger, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two teaspoonfuls of treacle, two eggs. Mix well together and steam two and a half hours in a well-greased mould. Turn out and serve with white sauce made as follows: Blend ½ oz. of cornflour with half a pint of milk, add to it 1 oz. of butter and ½ oz. of castor sugar, and boil for five minutes whilst stirring. Pour over and round the pudding and serve.

Lemon Sponge

Soak 1 oz. of gelatine in one pint of water for twenty minutes, add the rind and juice of two lemons and ½ lb. of castor sugar. Simmer gently for half an hour. Strain into a large bowl and put it into a cool place. When the mixture is nearly cold, stir in the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Whisk briskly for fifteen minutes, pour into a wetted mould, and turn out before serving.

Apples à la Portugaise

Choose twelve apples, all of one size, peel them, and remove the core. Stew gently in syrup until tender, but not broken. Leave till cold. Place in a glass or silver dish, strain, and then colour the syrup pink, and fill the hollow in each apple with red-currant jelly, melted sufficiently to be poured in. For the syrup use a breakfastcupful of sugar and the same of water, the juice of one lemon and the peel of half.

Rice and Banana Pudding

Peel and slice six ripe bananas and cook them for ten minutes in a stewpan in syrup made with 2 oz. of sugar and half a gill of water flavoured with lemon. Cook 2 oz. of rice in a pint of milk, sweeten to taste, and add to the bananas. Whisk stiffly the whites of two eggs, and mix them with the rice and bananas. Pour the mixture into a buttered fire-proof dish, sprinkle the top with chopped almonds and castor sugar, and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes

N.B.—It will be seen that not more than two eggs are required for any of the above recipes, which is a consideration now that eggs are so high in price. EMILIA

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